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Raymond J. Shamberger, Ph.D.:

ON SELENIUM . . . the natural anti-oxidant that helps protect you from heart disease

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: *Dr. Raymond J. Shamberger is a member of the Division of Laboratory Medicine, Department of Biochemistry, the Cleveland Clinic Foundation. He has published some 80 scientific papers and abstracts in the area of nutrition and health.*

—Richard Stanton

Selenium *deficiency* has a devastating effect on animals' hearts. A heart from a selenium deficient pig will collapse into a flat flaccid sheet almost devoid of fiber and muscle. Pig hearts from normal animals will retain their shape. Because of the dramatic effect of selenium deficiency in animals, heart disease in humans may be also related to a deficiency of this trace element selenium commonly found in one's blood.

The best evidence for this deficiency theory is backed by nutritional experiments in animals and by epidemiological studies in humans.

Rats and lambs fed selenium-deficient diets developed abnormal electrocardiograms (ECG's) accompanied by blood pressure changes and cardiac hemorrhage. The deficiency in pigs has been termed mulberry heart disease.

Conversely, a trace metal known as cadmium, primarily an environmental pollutant, is known to cause hypertension in rats.

Intrigued by previous studies done on the effect of selenium and cadmium on heart disease in animals, as well as an epidemiological relationship between plant selenium and heart disease, a research team composed of McCormack, Willis, Gunsch and myself decided to relate the two metals and five other trace metal intakes to humans. This was done primarily by comparing data from a heart disease mortality study done in 1973 on 25 countries by the World Health Organization

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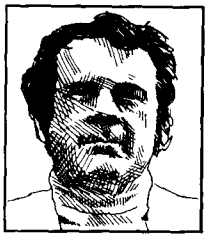

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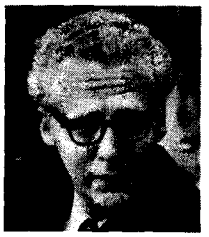

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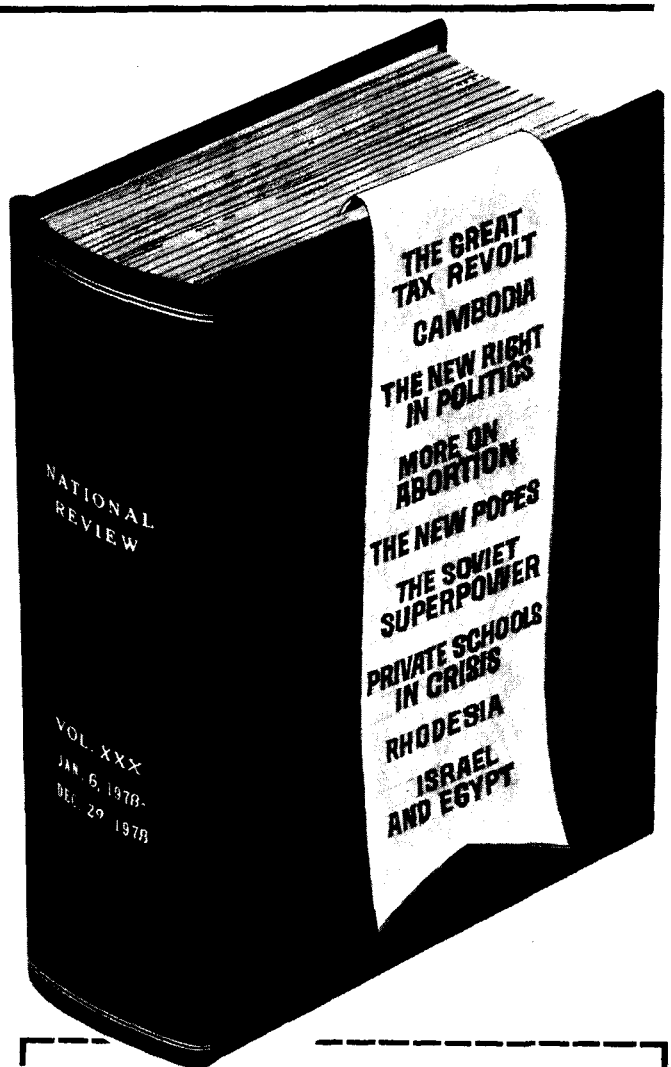

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Letters

Indignant or Indulgent

The question which broke upon me like morning light after reading Grover Rees III's intelligent discussion ["The Taiwan Break: Is It Unconstitutional?" March 16] was: Where is the ruckus? President Nixon impounded funds, and our righteous legislators met the issue as if fighting a holy war. Nixon claimed an "Executive privilege" that was at least plausible, and articles of impeachment were ordered. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. even managed to deduce a whole treatise from the "imperial" assumptions of the Presidency.

And yet, when President Carter unilaterally abrogates a defense treaty, otherwise known as "the law of the land," one hears not a whimper from the once-fierce defenders of the balance of powers. It would seem that the engines of indignation move only when the violator is a political enemy and the violation is committed in the name of a different political creed.

John Jameson
Boston, Mass.

Modern Rhythms

Robert K. Olsen ["Letters," Feb. 2] correctly says that there is nothing wrong with sexual pleasure and that sex is an integral part of marriage, not an evil action which marriage somehow legitimizes. However, the Catholic Church does not teach that sex is only for making babies. The Church has never forbidden those who are sterile to marry. Nor has the Church taught that couples must abandon intercourse after menopause.

Mr. Olsen's reference to the rhythm method of natural family planning is many years out of date. There are modern methods which have been proven 99 per cent effective—meaning as effective as the pill, without the serious side-effects—and which are so precise that only a few days' abstinence a month is required.

Information on these methods can be obtained from The Human Life Center, St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn.

Martin W. Helgesen
Malverne, N.Y.

Selective Solidarity

There is a way that Ronald Trowbridge ["I Crossed a Picket Line . . ." Feb. 16] can have some fun with his ex-colleagues at Eastern Michigan University. The next time janitors and other maintenance personnel go on strike at EMU, he can show up on that picket line and not only holler "scab" to his wounded heart's content, but also solicit funds from the academic faculty to support the proles on strike: a double whammy right to the liberal eye balls, eyeteeth, and even a shot to th jerking kneecaps. Their spasmodic re actions ought to be worthy of a Balzac or at least a Tom Wolfe. Mr. Trowbridg can depend on some confusion, if not a outright betrayal of the striking workers A year ago the head of the Spanish Com munist Party crossed a janitors' picket lin at Yale University with nary a note o "Solidarity Forever" disturbing his lecture in fact he delivered the opinion that th janitors were "bourgeois" and "not rea members of the working class." The pro fessors and students apparently were.

Mike Lavell
Chicago, Ill

The Brush-Off

I had thought Hugh Kenner might revil *The Death of Christian Culture* by Johr Senior because it denies his premise tha somehow one can justify the ways o Mann to God. Indeed, John's views are more radical than those of *NR*; but the kind of browser's brush-off David Pie trusza gave the book ["Books in Brief,' Jan. 19] is a disgrace to a journal that usually has been able to recognize class. A man who calls any part of this book "pedantic" does not know the meaning of the word. Maybe your Mr. Pietrusza finds it too highbrow, what with quotations in French and Latin. Obviously, the book is beyond a reviewer who uses "schizophrenic" as a semi-literate synonym for "uneven."

Worst of all is Mr. Pietrusza's judgment that the literary references (which he calls "allusions") are "often pointless, always tendentious." That would be quite a trick —to be simultaneously pointless and tendentious. Actually, there are *no* pointless literary citations in the book, not even one. I regret that Mr. Pietrusza's review of *The Death of Christian Culture* is evidence for its thesis.

Dennis B. Quinn
Lawrence, Kan.

Mr. Pietrusza Replies

Although Mr. Quinn's reference to tendentiousness is well taken (I meant to say tedious), his splash of vitriol seems not only generally unwarranted but un-Christian. His first-name reference to the author suggests that his emotional comments may be motivated as much by personal feelings as by high literary standards. In that case, he is to be commended for dogged loyalty to a friend, but this admirable virtue in no way changes my opinion of the book

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r of the very real flaws that it contains. had *hoped* that the work would be all Ir. Quinn says it is. It is not. It is re-ıarkably unclear and uninspiring, high-row largely in the pejorative sense, :hizophrenic in that the fluctuations in ıe levels of clarity and eloquence Mr. ənior displays are abnormally massive. could well have written that *The Death f Christian Culture* was itself verification f its thesis, but I possess more faith in ıe Holy Spirit's continued dwelling in this orld than does Mr. Quinn.

David Pietrusza
Amsterdam, N.Y.

Velfare Fraud

eorge Gilder's assumption ["Debauching ıe Poor," Nov. 10] that the welfare sys-m has led to broken homes and de-ıoralization of the family is open to chal-nge. Rather, the "*Playboy* philosophy," ıcreased mobility, the demoralization of ıe Sixties, the tendency to blame one's roblems on external factors, the disaster f the drug culture, and the active re-ruitment of recipients by the poverty rogram combined to produce the welfare ɔlls.

The welfare system helps it along, but ıis is only because the administrators are ot doing their job. If they enforce sup-ort, the profit from family breakup is liminated. If they adequately reviewed ımily-composition and income informa-on concerning the welfare family, the xpansion of welfare rolls would be elimi-ated. These efforts are required by law, ut the law does no good unless there is n administrator with guts enough to en-orce it. Reagan fulfilled this role in 'alifornia.

Mr. Gilder has offered "hundreds of housands of undocumented and untrace-ble men hidden in the welfare system" s the true welfare problem. Since they re undocumented and untraceable, it ould be interesting to find out how Mr. Gilder knows of their existence. In a sur-ey of 1,500 welfare cases, the Reagan dministration found that while in about per cent of the caseload there was a alse statement about the absence (or ıresence) of a family member, in about per cent of the cases fraud was being ommitted by simply getting a job (or ıaving too much personal wealth) and ıot reporting it. The cure is to prosecute hose who defraud the system.

Mr. Gilder implies that the support en-orcement program in California deals ıarshly with its clients. This is absurd. Every effort is made to work closely with he mother. Mr. Gilder does not recognize hat under the present system the bulk of ecipients voluntarily leave the rolls with-n two years. Nor does Mr. Gilder pro-ɔose to enhance this movement by mak-ng the welfare grant clearly different from

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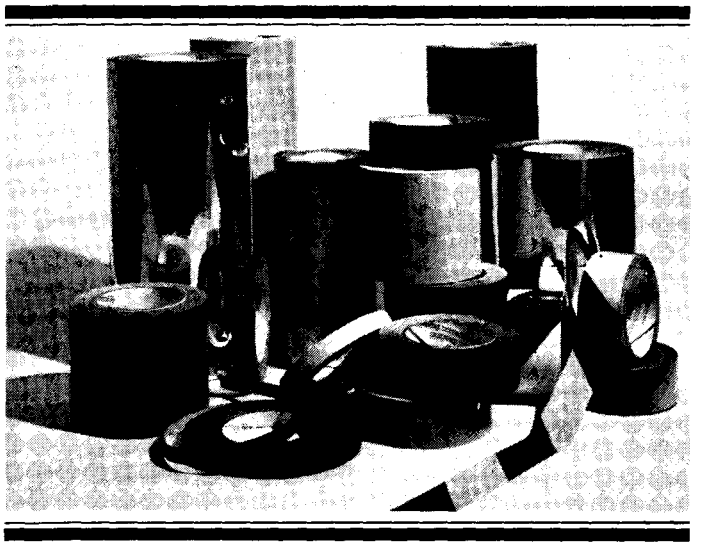

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cash *earnings*. Nor does he demand from those who remain on the rolls some productive effort for the grant. Nor would he enhance the deterrent against fraud, nor provide the legal services necessary to promote parental responsibility. It appears that all he would do is cut the cash payment to a level below that necessary to sustain life.

Michael E. Barber
Sacramento, Calif.

Mr. Gilder Replies

I agree with much of what Mr. Barber thinks I do not say (in his final paragraph) but with little that he attributes to me. Although I am aware of the moderate duration of most welfare cases, I was chiefly concerned with the hard-core 20 per cent who remain for some ten years and receive some 60 per cent of all welfare dollars (paid more generously, with a higher proportion of the state budget, to "sustain life" in sunny California than in any other state except Massachusetts).

During my two years of interviews in the ghetto (in preparation for my book *Visible Man* [Basic, 1978]), I found that few of these women ever lived alone for long or told welfare officials the names of their transient boyfriend beneficiaries. Most were steadily involved with a succession of men. Mr. Barber believes that welfare departments in their majesty are capable of keeping track, of sorting out paternity claims, and of collecting support payments from hundreds of thousands of men (in many cases more than one per recipient)—men who are erratically employed and often linked with other women by the time they are found.

The fact that Mr. Barber declares, on the basis of an official survey, that these men do not exist, tells me all I need to know. The fact that he believes the average welfare recipient is grateful for being terminated on the basis of a legal assurance of support from some long-gone father (who is likely shortly to leave his job), further confirms to my mind the degree of incomprehension of the welfare culture among even the most hard-nosed welfare administrators.

I am sure, though, that Mr. Barber knows more than he could tell us in his interesting letter. I recommend to him, as a line of thought, the proposition that the higher the payments the worse the pressure on the system, and the deeper the impact on the motivations of the poor. I also suggest that the attempt to counteract with regulation the inevitable attractions of cash gifts and services far above the rising minimum wage merely compounds the problem by increasing the familial distortions of the poor in their efforts to qualify.

George Gilder
Tyringham, Mass.

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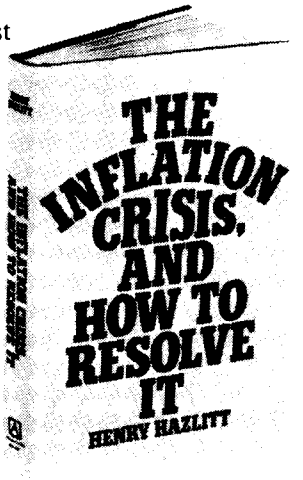

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Same day, over national television (*Issues and Answers, Face the Nation*), Sen. **Henry Jackson**, Hawk, said he wouldn't vote for SALT II because it wasn't "verifiable": what the Administration considers "adequately verifiable," Jackson does not; and Sen. **George McGovern**, Dove, said he wouldn't vote for it either because it will "encourage the arms race." . . . Sen. **Edward Kennedy** says failure to ratify SALT II would be "a prescription for nuclear disaster." . . . Sen. **Frank Church**, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, agrees with Kennedy. In a *U.S. News* interview, Church said a vote against SALT would be "the worst setback since the Senate defeat of the Versailles Treaty." But Church added that "there are not the votes in the Senate to ratify SALT. I can only hope the picture will change." . . . **John Connally**, who is making a strong America one of his major planks, says calling off SALT might contribute more to world peace than concluding a treaty with the USSR.

■ "We've sort of excluded all the normal people from the Party. . . ." "I won't discuss the other candidates [of my Party] . . . there's nothing of interest there." Thus, Sen. **Lowell Weicker** (R., Conn.) announcing his candidacy for the Republican presidential nomination. But he did bring himself to discuss one of the other candidates after all—John Connally, whose very candidacy, said Lowell (Dale Carnegie) Weicker, "shows the bankruptcy of our Party." . . . Rep. **Robert Bauman**, new chairman of the ACU, has no use for the Weickers of this world. "They [liberal Republicans]," says Bauman, "ought to be evicted because they are only Democrats in drag. We [the conservatives]

Shailo, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"Perhaps the Scots and Welsh gave up Mr. Callaghan for Lent."

have always been the Republican Party." . . . Sen. **Howard Baker**—Bauman calls him "Panama Howie"—is urging that a committee of senior Republicans be set up to monitor the behavior of GOP presidential hopefuls following the inflamed series of articles on **Philip Crane** in **Bill Loeb**'s *Manchester Union-Leader*. Loeb claimed the sources for some of the stories were **Reagan** staffers. . . . Sen. **Robert Dole**—another '80 hopeful—doesn't like the idea. Candidates, he says, should control their own staffs.

■ One up for **Jimmy Carter**: U.S. trade negotiator **Robert Strauss**—the man who as head of the DNC put the party back together again after the McGovern debacle in '72—plans to join Carter's campaign committee in the fall. Strauss says he doesn't think Kennedy will run. "I've never heard anyone around [him] indicate he's going to get into it." . . . Strauss will have his work cut out for him. A *New York Times* interview of **Democratic leaders** in New York finds no visible support for the President in the key Empire State, and no New Yorkers who can be regarded as "the President's men." . . . Out in California, another key state, **Jesse Unruh**, who had been expected to handle Carter's campaign there, has, according to **Evans & Novak**, "washed his hands of the whole matter" because he considers the Carter operation "hopeless." . . . **Barry Goldwater** couldn't resist it. Asked about Carter's attempts to crack down on the three-martini lunch, Barry quipped: "None of us had a three-martini lunch until Carter was elected."

■ When Vietnamese troops took over **Phnom Penh** they brought with them numbers of Communist newsmen who report scenes of total desolation there. **Valerian Skverotsov** (*Pravda*) found only six thousand people in the city, out of a pre-**Pol Pot** population of three million. Neither the water nor the electrical system was working. . . . Polish reporter **Wieslaw Gornicki** estimates that 80 per cent of the educated people in Cambodia were killed, only six doctors and twenty teachers were left in the entire country. Hospitals, schools, churches, temples had been dynamited. There was not a single book left. . . . Estimates popping up in Kremlin-oriented Communist press are that the Pol Pot regime killed **three million Cambodians**.

■ In China, TV and radio commercials, banned since the **Cultural Revolution**, are going back on the air. The first was a televised endorsement, by members of a men's basketball team, of Happiness (né Coca-) Cola.

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THE WEEK

■ Best wishes to Billy Carter for a speedy recovery, and when he's feeling better may he disavow some of his brother's public statements.

■ "I think that we're going to have to take Big John more seriously, maybe even as seriously as he takes himself." The speaker, quoted by Jack Germond of the *Washington Star*, was a political aide attending the Midwestern Republican Leadership Conference in Indianapolis. The "Big John" referred to was John B. Connally. Connally and five other presidential hopefuls—Howard Baker, George Bush, Philip Crane, Robert Dole, and Jack Kemp—addressed a gathering of six hundred Republican regulars from 13 states. All gave more or less conservative speeches, well-received, but Connally stopped several times for applause and got the biggest hand at the end. A CBS poll of not quite half the audience showed 29 per cent picking Connally as their first choice for President in 1980, and a whopping 53 per cent rating him the best speaker (Ronald Reagan, who did not attend, finished second in each category, with 21 and 12 per cent). Some observers felt Connally's showing represented a shift in the Republican heartland, since Midwestern regulars had been opposed to giving the former Democrat the vice-presidential nod in 1976. "The poll had no intrinsic importance," Germond noted. "[But] . . . the results suggest that the Connally 'problem' [with GOP regulars] may be overstated."

■ Congress loves programs in which spending is out of control. Prodded by Senators Robert Dole—yes, Dole—and George McGovern, the Senate Agriculture Committee is working hard to elevate food stamps to that status. On March 5 the Committee voted 9 to 8 to increase the food-stamp budget by 19 per cent in the 1980 budget, thereby welshing on a deal made in 1977 when opponents agreed to hand out food stamps free of charge in exchange for a legal lid on the annual expansion of the program. Voting in favor of blowing the lid off the program were Senators Dole, McGovern, Talmadge, Huddleston, Leahy, Melcher, Stewart, Pryor, and Stone, with Senator Zorinsky slipping out of the meeting just before the vote, in order to avoid a choice between his budget rhetoric and the President, who was lobbying hard for Food Stamps Unlimited. Senator Richard Lugar led the losing fight to keep the program under control.

■ In 1976, Jimmy Carter carried only seven of New York State's 62 counties. Four of these, of course, were in the Big and Rotten Apple; but one of Carter's strong showings was Erie County, including Buffalo, the state's second largest city. Indeed, Buffalo is something of a bellwether—blue-collar, ethnic, Democratic in the style of Daniel Moynihan rather than Bella Abzug. When Republicans capture it—and similar districts in Albany, Brooklyn, and Queens—they carry the state. When they lose, as Ford did, Democrats sweep all before them. If Ford, in fact, had taken 95 per cent of the vote in Erie County, he would have carried New York, and won the election. Of course, *no* Republican could do anywhere near that well in Buffalo—except for that congressman . . . what was his name? the football player . . . Any Democrat dreaming of the Senate in 1980 could doubtless tell you.

■ EQUALITY NOTES, MAIN-CHANCE DIVISION. Robert E. Lee, a Montgomery County (Md.) government employee, has changed his name to Roberto E. León and applied for reclassification as a member of a minority group (Spanish-surnamed). He can now be promoted over equally qualified gringos. "He has a knack for figuring out loopholes in things," says his boss. "Bob, I mean Roberto, is a highly regarded professional, a little eccentric in some ways. It's nice to have a Hispanic on our staff." He adds that he didn't know of the change until he came back from vacation and heard Señor León "saying hello in Spanish."

■ Morocco's King Hassan is doing his best to fill the breach left by the Carter Administration's floundering policy in Africa. At the invitation of Zaire's President Mobutu Sese Seko, Hassan has five thousand troops stationed there in case of another invasion from neighboring Angola. But Hassan, according to Stanley Blumberg of the *Baltimore Sun*, is paying a price at home, both politically and economically, for playing the policeman in distant Zaire and would like Washington to bear a portion of his burden, a small portion. Hassan has asked for $5 million in U.S. aid and the services of American air transport to rotate and supply his troops. Blumberg says both requests have been denied: "The assistance, it is claimed, cannot be provided under the current budget." Maybe Castro will want to lend Hassan a hand.

■ In the past few weeks the aircraft of Rhodesia and South Africa have flown deep into Mozambique, Zambia, and Angola, assailing the sanctuaries of the *guerrilleros,* but also (to borrow the canards of yesteryear) violating national boundaries, defending racism, engaging in reckless militarism, and killing innocent women and children. The astonishing thing is that the great engine of huff-and-puff outrage has been silent. It is too early to identify a fixed trend, but at least we have grounds

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for hope that the propaganda machines have stood still because the word has gone out, in the aftermath of Laos and Iran and Yemen and Afghanistan and a few other debacles, that it may be wise to encourage stability in southern Africa, even if we have to "recognize" some sort of political arrangement not quite so perfect as, say, that of the South Bronx, or Peking.

■ The striking thing about the anti-Amin, Tanzanian-led drive on Uganda is that it didn't happen earlier. For years Idi Amin Dada has despoiled Uganda, executed thousands, terrorized the population with his secret "Research Bureau," expropriated Ugandans and foreigners alike, wrecked the economy, and conducted public affairs like a minstrel show. Yet apart from a few comments by Tanzania's Julius Nyerere and Zambia's Kenneth Kaunda, African leaders have shown a revealing tolerance for Amin. The OAU has not only shown little interest but has even held meetings in Uganda. Still more curious is the fact that this bloody clown has benefited from a steady flow of Soviet arms and the presence of seven hundred Russian advisors without any of the excoriation that attends any consultation by the U.S. with Rhodesia or American assistance to countries which are textbook utopias by contrast with Uganda. This passivity might have continued indefinitely had not Amin, in the manner of his ilk, overreached himself last October by occupying seven hundred square miles of Tanzania. That tore it with Nyerere, whose forces are now reported to be some 25 miles from Kampala, supporting two Ugandan guerrilla groups, one led by the exiled former leader, Milton Obote. Some of Amin's vaunted elite forces are believed to have surrendered and even defected, and the rest have not been engaged in heavy fighting. Amin has flown out forty of his children, a proportionate number of wives, and has taken himself, as Chief of Staff, to a command post somewhere. The prospects are doubtful. His only hope may be that pillar of Islamic purity, Colonel Qaddafi of Libya, who has airlifted to Uganda large quantities of arms and some 1,400 Libyan troops, whose role is unclear.

■ In consecutive editorials on March 12, the *New York Times* deplored 1) restrictions on the use of federal funds for abortion and 2) the wanton killing of wildlife.

■ EQUALITY NOTES, CONT'D. The Federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission Has Been—oops, the title's over—has been found guilty of illegal discrimination against one of its own employees. Miss Aida Berio, of Puerto Rican stock, has been awarded two retroactive promotions and $30,000 in back pay.

■ Presidential candidate George Bush tells this one. Seems President Carter was trying to reassure an audience of apprehensive businessmen about the state of the economy, and told them, "If I weren't President, I'd be investing right now." To which a canny businessman replied, "If you weren't President, *I'd* be investing right now."

■ Congratulations to Smith College co-ed Mary Dickinson, who won a $2,500 bet from her mother by staying dry for one whole year. She used a sizable part of the proceeds to throw a party "to celebrate the cessation of Mary Dickinson's sobriety" (printed invitations), for, roughly speaking, everyone at Smith. We hear they're still celebrating.

■ John and Greta Rideout are OFF this week.

■ Sorry to report that Mr. Ed, "the talking horse," has died at age 33. Mr. Ed was the star of a television show in the 1960s that ran for five years, and later served three terms in Congress.

Carter Wins One

Well, he did it. President Carter bet everything on the chance that by going to Egypt and Israel he could get agreement on a treaty. The stakes were high, also the price of failure. But he didn't fail. Begin already has the agreement of his Cabinet, and he has good reason to expect an affirmative vote in the Knesset as well. He is betting his career on it.

Some details of the agreement are unclear, but it seems that compromises have been reached on three issues: a) the U.S. will guarantee Israel's oil supply if the Sinai fields don't meet its needs; b) ambassadors will be exchanged after a nine-month partial Israeli withdrawal from the Sinai; and c) Israel agrees to proceed with home rule in Gaza if the Palestinians block it in the West Bank. It's not clear what Sadat obtained as a role for Egypt in the Gaza home-rule process.

Peace between Israel and Egypt represents a complex process which will unfold for years. Difficulties lie ahead —from the rejectionist Arab states, from surging Islamic feeling, and from Soviet maneuvers in the area—but all the equations have now changed. What has President Carter achieved? A few observations:

1. He has salvaged Sadat's dramatic peace initiative, saved Sadat himself from terminal political failure, and made an ally of Egypt.

2. He has placed on Saudi Arabia the burden of acquiescence, at least to the extent of continuing to bankroll Egypt while containing PLO antagonism. For this reason, Carter's new military reinforcement of Saudi Arabia, North Yemen, and the Arabian Sea could not have been better timed.

3. He has relieved both Egypt and Israel of the op-

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Events occurring in broad daylight. . . . On March 8, the world's greatest deliberative body voted to suspend limitations on the outside income of its members. The Senate action was taken by voice vote without benefit of committee hearing or floor debate. Which is to say that no fingerprints were left. Those few of us with elephantine memories recall that the income limitations were imposed only two years ago with the understanding that they would not be implemented until 1979.

While not widely popular among the membership, the limitations were accepted as the quid for a public relations quo: the Senate was in the process of voting itself an anti-anti-inflationary raise of 22.9 per cent; the limitations on tips, commissions, and other forms of nest-feathering, it was thought, would make the salary package salable. It was thought correctly. The raise-*cum*-limitation bill sailed through the Senate, providing your sleepless watchdog Common Cause with a Page One victory. The Senate got its raise, the Political Process was purified, Common Cause got a hook for its fund-raising letter, and enterprising senators kept plugging away by the light of the moon. This is known as Reform.

SALT II vote-counts are being passed around with high velocity. Virtually all of them give the White House an outside shot at passing the package of agreements in some form. Only one usually authoritative nose-counter dissents from the common wisdom: Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin. He can't find the winning coalition in the Senate scramble and, it is reported by an occasionally reliable source, has so reported to the home office. Which just might explain the new flexibility in Soviet bargaining. . . . The hottest non-Islamic political property in town is John Connally. National press types who traveled with him through Texas now share Big Jawn's conviction that he can carry Texas against both Bush and Reagan. They are also impressed by a statewide *Detroit News* poll of GOP county chairmen showing Connally far and away the favorite of working pros. (Michigan had been out front in the push to keep Connally off the Ford ticket in 1976.) The enthusiasm for Connally can be summed up in a single word: leadership. Some folks seem to think we need it.

It comes as a surprise to most real Americans to discover that civil servants are not covered by Social Security. They are covered by their own benefit plan, of course, and the beginning of political wisdom is the answer to this question: Which plan do you suppose is superior—the plan designed and run by civil servants for themselves, or the Social Security plan designed and run by civil servants for you, the general public? In the debate over the future of the Social Security system, we don't pretend to understand the actuarial calculations, nor indeed the economic prescriptions. But we have a sure-fire way to put the system on a sound basis: include the civil servants. . . . Opponents of the SALT agreements are worried that straight talk about the state of our defenses could throw the public into a psychological tailspin. Anti-SALT spokesmen return from the hustings with this sad story: the American people are largely unaware that the U.S. *as a matter of policy* has yielded its strategic advantage over the Soviets. It comes as a shock to most audiences to learn that, given the pipeline delays of advanced weaponry, the Soviets will have a clear strategic superiority sometime in the early Eighties. To alleviate the effects of this revelation, SALT opponents are now offering a "quick fix" strategy, a series of short-term techniques available to a Commander-in-Chief eager to redress the imbalances in the Soviet-American power ratio. The best summary of these options is included in a paperback just published by the National Strategy Information Center under the title, *Strategic Options for the Early Eighties: What Can Be Done?* The bottom line: no thanks to the incumbent, we have one more chance.

George Bush has developed a secret weapon in his race for the White House. Where Reagan has his organization, Crane has his mailing lists, and Connally has his charisma, Bush will try to prove that the pen is mightier than the traditional political tools. After every breakfast, every meeting, every hotel reception, Bush quick-draws his pen and scratches out a bread-and-butter note to his host, his hostess, and anybody else whose name he remembers. Long-time Bush-men tell us that the genial Eastern-Texan has been at the billet-business for years and that his pen pals now number in the thousands. Bad news for the Charles Hamiltons of the twenty-first century. . . . If you warmed up to the adorable Teng Hsiaoping during his visit here, you're probably not a lawyer. As China-watching Washington attorney William Alford describes Peking's view of the bar, "They can't understand why you would want to hire two bright people to obscure the truth." And that was Teng's view *before* his visit to Washington.

—CATO

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pressive burden of constant preparation for war on their shared frontier.

4. He has committed the U.S. to large-scale economic and military support of Israel *and* Egypt.

5. At the same time, the treaty will surely become the trigger for a new disruptive campaign by the PLO, Syria, and Iraq to sabotage progress toward Israeli-shepherded autonomy on the West Bank. A resurgence of terrorism is likely. The rejectionists may turn to the USSR, which will support them in a campaign against Israel, Sadat, and perhaps even Saudi Arabia.

6. By demonstrating his ability to cause Israel to compromise, President Carter has gone some distance toward restoring U.S. credibility in the Middle East and elsewhere.

7. The treaty must inevitably subject King Hussein of Jordan to excruciating pressures from both sides, possibly culminating in a civil war. This will call for the greatest skill in coordination among the U.S., Egypt, and Israel.

To be sure, President Carter did not do all this himself. Sadat's initiative will always be remembered as one of the most statesmanlike gestures of the twentieth century. Nor should it be forgotten that he undertook it partly because he was frightened by the Carter Administration's rush to draw the USSR into a superimposed settlement. On the other hand, it was Carter's tenacity

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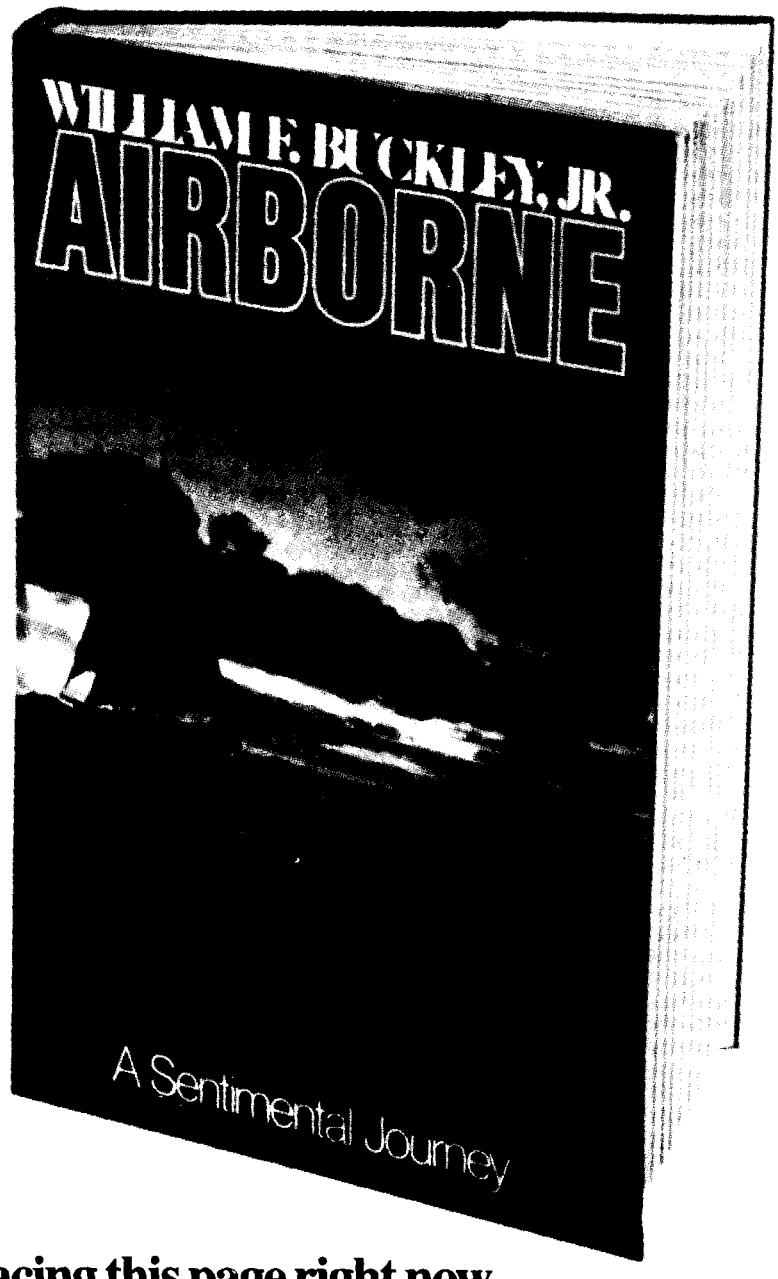

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and personal commitment which produced the conclusion. Nothing else has changed in the U.S., but whatever political credit Carter can gain from this achievement, he deserves.

Big Break for Crane

New Hampshire politics often resembles a billiard game in which some of the balls are oval-shaped and move in quirky ways. Presidential candidate Phil Crane has just been the beneficiary of a funny roll, much to his surprise.

The famous *Manchester Union-Leader* is the only state-wide paper in New Hampshire. This paper and its publisher William Loeb are solidly behind the candidacy of Ronald Reagan, and Crane's candidacy putatively threatens Reagan's. Two weeks ago the *Manchester Union-Leader* published a lengthy article accusing Crane of various personal horrendousnesses.

All allegations came from anonymous sources, and they were for the most part stated in weasel words. On Crane's alleged sexual improprieties, the paper's formulation is a beaut, naturally carried on page one. It cites "one associate" as saying that the Illinois congressman "once told a friend he was committed in this life to bedding down a thousand different women." Double hearsay, anonymous source, and no evidence, either, that the congressman ever launched himself on this daunting project; though ERA supporters might take heart. Similarly, we read here that Phil Crane and his wife "may be" heavy drinkers, whatever those words mean.

Phil Crane is no Ed Muskie, weeping in the snow. He attacked the article, scoring easily, even as the New Hampshire legislature voted unanimously, *unanimously*, to condemn it.

A most strange incident. Instead of hurting Crane and helping Reagan, the *Manchester Union-Leader* succeeded in giving Crane some valuable local publicity and making him an object of considerable sympathy. Insofar as New Hampshire voters believe that the Reagan campaign staff had anything to do with it—and the Reagan staff surely had *nothing* to do with it—the article can only hurt Reagan.

Iran: The Centrifugal Phase

It is a dangerous time in Iran, but this is typical of a land that has long lurched between the extremes of dictatorship and anarchy, something we had forgotten during the long reign of the Shah. The persistent leitmotif of Persian history has reasserted itself: the hub of authority is dislodged and the spokes clatter about until some leader reconstructs the wheel. The cohesive momentum of the revolution stemmed from a fleeting coincidence of disparate elements sharing little but a desire to vent their pent-up frustrations by disposing of the Shah. What is new is that Khomeini, more than most Iranian holy men, is out of touch, having lived for 16 years in the Shia shrines and libraries of Iraq. Iran is no land of tribal Bedouins, but a populous, increasingly industrialized, urbanized, and educated society with a growing professional-commercial middle class which for years has maintained some seventy thousand college students in foreign universities. These people are mostly Moslems, but they do not want their women in shrouds, or to be told that gambling and interest on loans are sinful, or that they cannot import meat from abroad, or that they should sit on the floor instead of in chairs.

The outcome of Khomeini's referendum on an Islamic Republic is uncertain, and both Prime Minister Bazargan and Ayatollah Shariatmaderi desire to offer a wider choice, including a secular republic. The Prime Minister finds it impossible to govern alongside a shadowy, irresponsible political structure which issues ukases and executes enemies outside any institutional framework. Commendably, Bazargan went to Khomeini to say that unless allowed to govern he would resign, and was asked to stay on. But this is only the beginning. There will be a growing trend toward secular government. But the secular side is fragmented along a spectrum from Moslem Right to surrogates for the Communist (Tudeh) Party, whose leadership remains in East Germany awaiting the appropriate moment to make its play. Meanwhile, let it be noted that it is reportedly Marxist militiamen who are protecting the women demonstrating against Khomeini's fundamentalism.

Around the borders, minorities are seizing the chance to take advantage of weakness at the center. Since the time of Darius there has been oscillating tension between the center and the outlying peoples—Azerbaijanis, Kurds, Qashqais, Baluchis, Turkomans, etc. The most colorful and persistent are the Kurds in the west who are bargaining for loca' autonomy. Even the less militant Balu-

Stretched Thin

From Subic Bay to Yemen
  The *Constellation* sailed;
It took ten days before the quays
  At Aden could be hailed:
But English isn't spoken
  In Aden any more,
And Russian tanks support the ranks
  In Southern Yemen's war.
Though Jimmy's throwing Saudis
  This nautical bouquet,
A tug and scow are serving chow
  Back home in Subic Bay.

W. H. VON DREELE

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chis in the southwest are obtaining some administrative concessions, as are the Turkomans in the northeast. Potentially the most threatening could be the Azerbaijanis, not a tribe but a large, highly developed farming and commercial Turkic-speaking minority which, because of its propinquity to the Soviet Union, is vulnerable to exploitation, as happened in 1945. But precisely because of this danger (and Bazargan is an Azerbaijani) this cleavage may well be contained before Iran falls off the edge of the precipice.

The center has collapsed and the parts will fly outward until a new leader fits the spokes back into the hub. One hopes it will not be the wrong leader Inshallah!

All Aboard: Next Stop Yemen

In an historical sense, the Yemeni war gives the U.S. a handhold for climbing back aboard history's fast strategic freight, from which we jumped in 1973, screaming, "No more Vietnams." It may not be the best grip and Yemen may be the caboose; but, having yielded our grip in Southeast Asia, lost it in Iran, and eschewed it in Africa, we cannot be choosy. By sending jets and tanks to Yemen, making additional U.S. air elements available to Saudi Arabia if needed, and sending the carrier *Constellation* to the Arabian Gulf, the Administration is trying to get back on that train.

South Yemen, with less than two million people, wants to join forces with North Yemen's seven million in a search for viability. With Soviet money, arms, and some two thousand Russian, Cuban, and East German advisors, this may not be an unrealistic goal despite the population difference. On gaining independence from Britain in 1967, South Yemen's left-wing government plunged almost immediately into total military, economic, and ideological dependence on the USSR. North Yemen, after being invaded by Nasser and experimenting with Soviet aid, has, since 1974, been closely aligned with Saudi Arabia, which employs a million Yemenis in the oil fields.

On the regional level, Saudi Arabia's oil and security are critically involved, as is the security of the entrance to the Red Sea opposite Marxist Ethiopia. Given the Saudis' dismay over the upheaval in Iran, a clear need existed to shore up the southwestern corner of the Arabian peninsula. Still more broadly, the U.S. needed to re-establish Middle Eastern confidence in its ability to protect its interests in the area. The Egypt-Israel treaty depends on both countries' having confidence in the United States. Sadat's ability to make good on the treaty depends on Saudi Arabia's willingness to provide economic assistance. Beyond this, of course, it is necessary to draw a line against Soviet imperial adventurism.

China's Scorecard

The next move in Southeast Asia is up to Moscow, but the Chinese smash at Vietnam so far looks very much like a successful strategic venture.

The Soviets intended to bracket China between massive Soviet forces to the north and a heavily armed and aggressive Soviet client to the south. Had it failed to act on the Vietnamese threat, China could have anticipated steady escalation: Soviet-supplied nuclear missiles in Vietnam, a Soviet naval base at Cam Ranh Bay, Soviet and other advisors, the whole shtick. As Teng Hsiaoping succinctly put it, a "Cuba."

China's invasion of Vietnam was designed to reassert its role as a regional power. Whatever decisions the Hanoi Politburo now makes will be made in the certain knowledge that powerful Chinese forces are near at hand and willing to fight, while Soviet forces are distant and Soviet support in the crunch mostly rhetorical. Hanoi now knows that the Chinese can always come back, and that though they did not seize Hanoi and Haiphong this time, there is no guarantee about next time.

Grassroots Capitalism Fights Back

In the latest David *v.* Goliath encounter, Hakan Gergils and his recently organized 25,000-member Swedish Shareholders Association defeated the Prime Ministers of Sweden and Norway, Volvo president Pehr Gyllenhammar, and the unions in their effort to turn over a controlling share of Volvo's stock to the Norwegian government. A lot was at stake, including the political and economic dividends for the Swedish and Norwegian governments and trade unions, and the political ambitions of the Volvo president, who boasts that he doesn't keep company with other businessmen. But it was all to be at the expense of Volvo's 128,000 stockholders. The deal would have reduced the book value of their shares by 30 per cent, a clear attempt to expropriate private wealth.

Gergils, part owner of a small family business, rallied other stockholders to defend their property. "Workers have their unions," said Gergils, "and we capitalists can form them too." The smashing victory of the grassroots movement among small investors over the socialist establishment has rocked Scandinavia. Some observers think it may lead to the stockholders' ouster of Gyllenhammar, who has made a whole series of blunders that have harmed Volvo.

Swedes have idly watched the erosion of their property rights in the name of community for so long that no one expected the shareholders to fight. Former Prime

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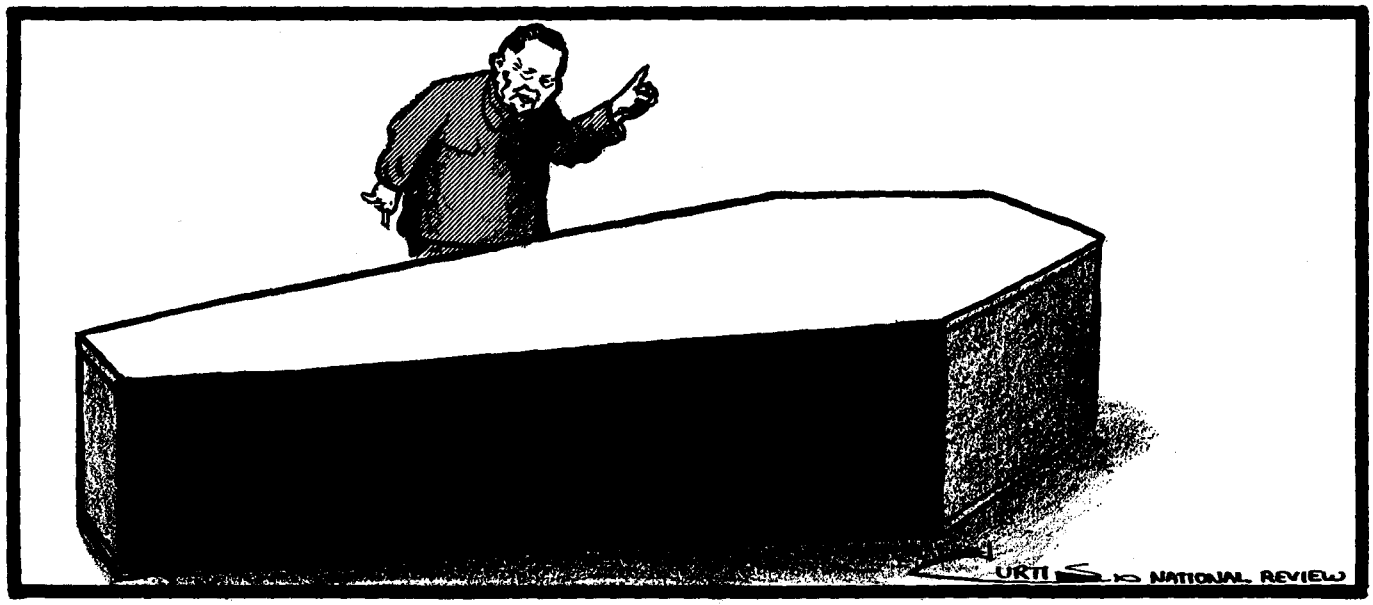

"Rejoice! We Chinese have taught the Vietnamese a lesson!"

Minister Olof Palme was so aghast that he labeled Gergils a "fascist" for daring to defend his property rights. Swedish Social Democrats accuse the small investors of the unspeakable crime of wanting their money to make more money.

How a Progressive Works

The Progressive is a small left-wing magazine which fears nuclear proliferation and opposes nuclear weapons. In pursuit of these high ideals, the boys at *The Progressive* have scheduled an article for their May issue describing the inner workings of a hydrogen bomb.

When a federal judge in Milwaukee issued a ten-day temporary restraining order, *The Progressive* insisted that it had broken no law. The Atomic Energy Act of 1946 allows restraining orders whenever the relevant federal agency (now the Department of Energy) decides that secrets are about to be revealed. But author Howard Morland claims that he gathered all his information from unclassified documents and visits to government laboratories. "In fact the article is about the myth of secrecy," said editor Erwin Knoll. "It says there is no secret. Any technical information in our article could be obtained by any intelligence agency from any country. . . . Secrecy," Knoll continued, "has been used to restrict debate on issues of public concern—such as the continuance of underground tests. How can the public determine whether we have to continue testing if the real questions are ruled undiscussable?"

Knoll's first point is well taken: no security system (certainly not *our* security system) offers absolute protection against enemy intelligence agencies. Knoll's solution, however, seems to be to render foreign spies superfluous by making all our secrets public. Publishing a bomb recipe seems a curious way to campaign against nuclear proliferation.

Knoll's methods raise doubts about his motives. The "real questions" concerning nuclear weapons are whether such systems are necessary to defend America. *The Progressive*, naturally, has decided that they are not. The question for the Knolls of the world then becomes, How to discredit them in the public mind? To which the answer is: Raise a host of ancillary issues—underground testing, tritium pollution, nuclear proliferation—not in order to untangle them, but to invest nuclear weapons with an aura of *unique* and sinister danger. Running a bomb diagram in the May issue fills the bill superbly.

Chilean Laboratory

In the last year of the Allende government, Chile's inflation rate topped 600 per cent. This explosion was a deliberate result of government policy, which benefited the regime in numerous ways. The savings of Allende's middle-class enemies vanished; men thrown out of work by private bankruptcies snatched eagerly at state-supported jobs; the chaos caused by government interventions justified further intervening. "If one goes by conventional economic criteria," one of Allende's economic ministers admitted to *Der Spiegel* in 1973, "we are in a state of crisis. But what is a crisis for others, is for us the solution."

Clearing the economic wreckage has been one of the military government's most onerous tasks. So far their efforts have succeeded. Inflation now runs at 30 per cent, down from 340 per cent in 1975. Chilean production rose 6 per cent in 1978. As the economy recovers, Chileans debate their future course. Some argue that the inflation rate should be allowed to fizz a little, to create

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new jobs in the short run and relieve the working class. The government is determined, however, to put the economy on a solid free-market, sound-money basis.

Chile is the only country in modern times to shake off a government of revolutionary collectivists by its own exertions, without being defeated in a war. It is trying to buck, without models or precedents, the economic and political trends of the twentieth century. It is also forming a new constitution that envisions civilian rule. Chile's experiment will continue to be watched, far beyond its own borders.

Black like You and Me

In the Winter 1979 issue of *The Public Interest*, Professors Louis Bolce and Susan Gray of Fordham report on interviews with a random sample of New York City residents and come up with some important results. They sought to determine how far blacks and whites are divided on issues like preferential treatment, racial quotas, and busing. They conclude: not far. "Blacks, much like whites, view issues in terms of individual social and economic self-interest," write Bolce and Gray. "This is due in large part to the progress blacks have made in recent years; they are not affluent or poor, educated or uneducated, skilled or unskilled, but all of these."

For example, even on a "group interest" issue, 53 per cent of blacks disapprove of legally mandated preferential treatment in hiring and college admissions, while 40 per cent approve. In black opinion, clearly, some important discriminations, pardon the word, are being made. Fifty-two per cent of blacks believe that "busing schoolchildren across district lines makes relations between the races worse." Eight out of ten of *both* races believe considerable progress has been made in eliminating racial discrimination, and 56 per cent of blacks believe a young black can succeed in America if he or she works hard. In short, black opinion is heterogeneous; and black oracles like Vernon Jordan of the National Urban League are about as representative of blacks as George McGovern is of whites. "Yet the stereotyping of blacks by liberals and black spokesmen still goes on," say Bolce and Gray. "And while their intentions of garnering extra federal aid for blacks may be desirable, their actions are perceived by blacks and whites as making race relations worse."

The stereotyping continues, as Edward Banfield has pointed out, because "for the race leader there is everything to gain and nothing to lose by treating all problems as if they derived solely from the racial one." Yet it is sad that the ancient myth of black underachievement should in the Seventies be supported by black spokesmen themselves, even as American blacks are succeeding on their own merits. Affirmative action, busing, the demand for government as messiah, all of these condescend to blacks and deprive them of the sense of achievement they have earned. The real racists, in 1979, are the practitioners of racial politics.

A Study in Propaganda

The *New York Times* has just published, March 11 through March 14, a four-part series on unemployment among black teenagers. The writers were John Herbers, Thomas A. Johnson, Jerry Flint, and Robert Reinhold; and they should be ashamed of themselves.

In the lead article the problem is pinned on "the national economy," the "structure of society," and "the political climate." That's in paragraph one, written 14 years after Arthur Burns (head of the National Bureau of Economic Research, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board) made the connection between the minimum wage and black teenage unemployment, and issued his amazingly accurate prophecy: "In the absence of any change in the general state of the economy, another increase of 25 cents in the minimum wage would be likely to raise the unemployment rate of nonwhite teenagers by as much as eight percentage points" (Arthur Burns, *The Management of Prosperity*, reviewed in *NR*, June 14, 1966). Since then we have of course had several increases of 25 cents in the minimum wage; black teenage unemployment has grown from 16 per cent 25 years ago to 24 per cent ten years ago to 35 per cent now.

The *Times* babbles along, mentioning what it calls the "best documented causes" (as if a major prediction that has panned out perfectly does not constitute some sort of documentation)—aliens, women workers, illegal activities, the "fractured society." As if there weren't any

Vital Interests

Last week the CBS's Marvin Kalb
Reported Saudi princes are in flux.
Some side with Jimmy Carter; others (sob!)
Seek radical solutions with their bucks.
With allies falling like a row of ducks,
For once the Carter spinal cord turned firm:
Instead of hearing lots of tuts and clucks,
We're witnessing the turning of the worm.
But let's be cautious: no one can confirm
He drew the fateful line across the sand.
However, Jimmy wants another term,
And he could use some Sousa in his band.
As Russia seeks a fulcrum for its lever,
Perhaps he'll play "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

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women in 1965, nor aliens, nor lawbreakers, nor fractures?

The lead article drags along for 73 paragraphs, and it is not until paragraph #56 that we find a grudging reference to the effect of the minimum wage: "And a number of economists say the minimum wage, now $2.90 an hour, is partly responsible, although they do not think it a major factor." (Typical propaganda operation: if the item has to be mentioned, bury it; if it comes from an eminent source—Burns was, also, head of a federal commission on the minimum wage—omit his name.)

There is no further mention of the minimum wage until we get to paragraph #37 in the sixty-paragraph Part Four of the series. Here Walter Williams, who has been identified only as "an economist at Temple University," is paraphrased as urging the abolition of minimum wage laws. (General rule in propaganda: quote your allies, paraphrase your enemies. Further rule in propaganda: if you simply have to mention the man's name, and he's not on your side, omit his credentials or at least downgrade them: Mr. Williams is more than an economist, he's a *professor*; and—yes!—he's black.)

From this article you would not know that Professor Williams is a black economist—though alongside the reference to Professor Williams, the *Times* publishes a photo of another gentleman quoted in the article, Mayor Richard G. Hawkins of Gary, Indiana, who takes the more fashionable line, and who has a handsome black face.

In the last ten years the government has spent $40 billion on this problem. That's about $12,000 a year for each unemployed teenager. No wonder the *Times* struggles so hard to suppress the truth about the policies it has championed during all these years.

Pedro Beltrán, R I P

Though born in a small country, Peru, Pedro Beltrán became an influential international figure and a success in diverse careers: farmer, statesman, journalist, economist. He will be remembered as a courageous libertarian and a civilized man. He studied at the London School of Economics, and received honorary degrees from Yale, Harvard, and UCLA. He served as Peruvian ambassador to Washington in 1944 and as Peru's delegate to the Bretton Woods Conference. He was president of Peru's Central Reserve Bank, and that country's Prime Minister and Minister of Finance from 1959 to 1961. During his tenure, he championed free commerce and an absolute minimum of government controls, and put his country on a "free-exchange basis." He paid his dues for living in the twentieth century: as publisher of the Lima daily *La Prensa* from 1950 to 1972, he did not hesitate to criticize government policy; in consequence, *La Prensa* was twice shut down by the police, and Beltrán jailed. Again, suddenly, four years ago, the military government of General Juan Velasco Alvarado expropriated the paper. In recent years Pedro Beltrán lived most of the time in San Francisco, with his charming American wife, Miriam. During the days when he was publishing his newspaper, he would occasionally invite foreign journalists to visit Peru. When one of these, an American columnist, had sent an article to his home paper freely criticizing Peru's economic controls, he was warned with a cold smile by a government supporter: "You know, in Peru, the sword is still mightier than the pen."

HENRY HAZLITT

Grey Eminences

Roosevelt leaned upon Howe;
  Richelieu coached little Louis;
Bobby and Jack were always a claque;
  Brutus soothed Caesar with hooey;
Wilson and House were a team;
  Haig handed Nixon the towel;
Jimmy won't roll until he can poll
  Eizenstat, Jordan, and Powell.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

NR's November 10 "The Week" reports that Anglican vicars are organizing for higher pay in a white-collar union. Fifteen years ago in the *Arizona Republic*, in a column widely reprinted by those with tongue in cheek as much as pen in hand, I advocated an organization to help Catholic, Episcopal, and Lutheran priests, and any other devoted minister wearing clerical garb. It was the NAACP or National Association for the Advancement of Collared People.

Didactically,
Marvin Alisky
Arizona State University
Tempe, Ariz.

■ Memo to: WFB
From: WAR

We have checked with Brian Crozier on a statement he made in his article "Power and National Sovereignty"

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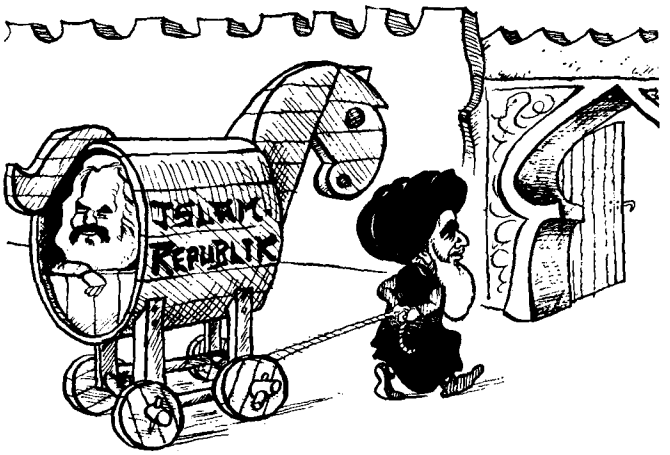

Bubec, *Heilbronner Stimme* Rothco

in our February 2 issue and find that it was incorrect. We should carry the following correction in our next issue:

> Brian Crozier's statement that Philip Agee is on the Board of the Institute for Policy Studies was in error, as was his statement that the Institute is a sponsor of the Mobilization for Survival.

■ Dear Bill:

Re your recent article ["The Cleverest Man in England," Nov. 24, 1978], H. L. Mencken, in commenting on the taste of Americans, once wrote that they "thought F. E. Smith was a gentleman because he was a lord." I must confess that I never thought much about the (gentle)man, although I am always delighted to see a Smith making good.

However, at the time that the (Anglican) Church of Wales was disestablished, G. K. Chesterton wrote a poem which I have always considered a high-water mark of controlled savagery. In case it is unknown to you, I enclose a copy.

That the Earl of Birkenhead ever appeared in public again is something of a testimony of his greatness.

Best regards,
Sheldon M. Smith (Rev.)
Valley Forge, Pa.

ANTICHRIST, OR THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM: AN ODE

"A BILL WHICH HAS SHOCKED THE CONSCIENCE OF EVERY CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY IN EUROPE."—*Mr. F. E. Smith*, ON THE WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT BILL.

Are they clinging to their crosses,
F. E. Smith,
Where the Breton boat-fleet tosses,
Are they, Smith?
Do they, fasting, tramping, bleeding,
Wait the news from this our city?
Groaning "That's the Second Reading!"
Hissing "There is still Committee!"
If the voice of Cecil falters,
If McKenna's point has pith,
Do they tremble for their altars?
Do they, Smith?

Russian peasants round their pope
Huddled, Smith,
Hear about it all, I hope,
Don't they, Smith?
In the mountain hamlets clothing
Peaks beyond Caucasian pales,
Where Establishment means nothing
And they never heard of Wales,
Do they read it all in Hansard
With a crib to read it with—
"Welsh Tithes: Dr. Clifford Answered."
Really, Smith?

In the lands where Christians were,
F. E. Smith,
In the little lands laid bare,
Smith, O Smith!
Where the Turkish bands are busy,
And the Tory name is blessed
Since they hailed the Cross of Dizzy
On the banners from the West!
Men don't think it half so hard if
Islam burns their kin and kith,
Since a curate lives in Cardiff
Saved by Smith.

It would greatly, I must own,
Soothe me, Smith,
If you left this theme alone,
Holy Smith!
For your legal cause or civil
You fight well and get your fee;
For your God or dream or devil
You will answer, not to me.
Talk about the pews and steeples
And the Cash that goes therewith!
But the souls of Christian people . . .
—Chuck it, Smith!

■ Beloved Mentor—

Immediately following the reproachful letter from Hugh Kenner, you inserted a paragraph of promotion for the upcoming biggie. To my unbelievable anguish and utter despair, I saw that you described this production number as the "single most" important issue in *NR*'s history. Would not "most" have sufficed?

In the bonds,
Kilpo [James J. Kilpatrick]

Dear Kilpo: Not for *that* issue. And where was your syndicated column advertising the findings revealed in our single most important issue? Love,

—WFB

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Soviet Aims in the East

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

IT IS NO GOOD approaching current events in the Far East—the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia and the Chinese invasion of Vietnam—with short memories. The history of earlier centuries is, of course, relevant, and not least the defeat of the Chinese by the Vietnamese in the eleventh century, and later the Chinese defeat of the Mongol invaders. The span of time I have in mind, however, is much shorter: 34 years, to be exact.

The Soviet attitude toward today's battles is determined by Stalin's belated declaration of war on Japan on August 8, 1945, two days after the first atomic bomb devastated Hiroshima. This late intervention was successful beyond all dreams, for it laid the geopolitical foundations for Mao Tse-tung's defeat of Chiang Kai-shek in the Chinese civil war.

Almost immediately afterward, a wartime colonel named Dean Rusk and another officer whose name remained more obscure were given half an hour to define the surrender zones in Korea, and drew a line through that country on the 38th parallel, leaving Seoul in American hands. Losing no time, Stalin's forces grabbed "their" half: they occupied Pyongyang on August 24; the Americans were otherwise engaged, and did not move in until September 9.

I now invite you to look at today's alignments in the Far East, and to compare them with the situation as it was in June 1950, when North Korea launched its war of aggression against South Korea. From the Soviet standpoint, how things have changed for the worse!

Mao Kowtows

In February 1950, the great Mao himself had publicly kowtowed to the Soviet dictator and signed a thirty-year treaty, thereby accepting satellite status. When, four months later, Stalin instructed his Korean protégé, Kim Il Sung, to invade the South, he didn't even bother to consult Mao.

Fortunately for the able and enterprising South Koreans, and for all of us, Stalin made one crass miscalculation, by boycotting the UN Security Council and thereby enabling President Truman to take the initiative in mounting the UN expeditionary force that saved South Korea. In the end, then, Stalin failed in his main objective of incorporating South Korea into an enlarged "People's Republic."

Still, things were a good deal better then than now, as seen from Moscow. In a momentous change, the Chinese People's Republic ceased to be a satellite around 1959, and it has even, in recent times, moved from the ideological hostility of Mao's dying years to active cooperation with the U.S. and its allies.

Capitalist Sugarplums

True, North Korea is still a Stalinist dictatorship, and has served Moscow well, for instance by training terrorists from Mexico, Japan, and Chile. For a Soviet leadership still publicly committed to the destruction of capitalism, however, there is the galling spectacle of prosperity and success in capitalist Japan, Hong Kong, Taiwan, and South Korea, in dazzling contrast with the collectivist scarcities of Red China and North Korea. This spectacle presents the Soviets with a dilemma, in that their own backward economy desperately needs the technology of the advanced countries, including Japan.

I shall leave the Soviets to solve this dilemma, if they can, in their own way. Meanwhile, let me attempt to summarize Soviet medium-term aims in the Far East:

1. Remove the anti-Soviet regime in China and replace it with a government responsive to Soviet requirements;

2. Extend the Communist regime over the whole of the Korean peninsula;

3. Incorporate Cambodia, along with Laos, into a restored Indochinese empire under Vietnamese leadership, as a kind of satellite under remote control.

Four obstacles stand in the way of Soviet ambitions in the Far East: China, Japan, the U.S., and South Korea. Let us look at them one by one.

China. This huge and difficult country, with a population said to be nudging a billion, is no more inviting to an invading army than Russia was to Napoleon's *Grande Armée.* What has happened to the pro-Soviet faction in the People's Liberation Army that once existed around the disgraced ex-Defense Minister, Marshal P'eng Te-huai? This looks a weak card to play, but doubtless the Russians are hoping it is still somewhere in the deck. If war, in the fullest sense, is out, the same may not be true of a magnified border incident that could be held to justify a brief, punitive blow against China's nuclear installations, with the object, among other things, of discrediting the anti-Soviet leadership in Peking.

Japan. At their present level, the Japanese "Self-Defense Forces" are not much of a deterrent to Soviet power, although this could change rapidly if they decided (as in time they must) to revise the MacArthur Constitution and re-arm in style. Meanwhile, the Soviets are within sight of a far more potent means of pressure on Japan. The Iranian revolution could well, in time, give the Soviets control over the flow of oil through the Hormuz Strait, upon which Japan relies for about 90 per cent of its requirements.

The United States. The defeat in Vietnam badly dented U.S. credibility and discouraged further American military involvement in East Asia. The establishment of full diplomatic relations with China and the possibility of U.S. defense assistance to that country are unwelcome developments for the Soviets. They may be expected to intensify their adverse pressure and to try to link detente with American behavior toward Peking.

South Korea. The Korean economic miracle mocks the failure of collectivism in the North. In ideological terms, it is as unacceptable as the prosperity of West Berlin before the Wall. Moreover, the South Korean armed forces are, in relative terms, far stronger than they were in 1950; and North Korea cannot, now, look to China for military help.

In this complex situation, only one thing is clear: the lull in the Far East, which began about four years ago, is now well and truly over. □

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U.S. LABOR PARTY

GREGORY F. ROSE

THE SWARMY LIFE AND TIMES OF THE NCLC

Gregory Rose, the author of the article below, was a member of the U.S. Labor Party from 1973 to 1975. While a member, however, he began informing the FBI concerning the activities of the party, and he has subsequently been the party's avowed foe. The statements in his article have been checked independently wherever possible and have proved to be true; as to the rest, Mr. Rose's personal experience and knowledge as a member of the party are the chief bases of his article.

YOU MEET THEM at a Republican club meeting, or a Chamber of Commerce luncheon, or a scientific conference. They are young (mid- to late twenties), well-dressed, well-groomed, well-spoken. They present themselves as being in favor of economic growth. They speak of energy produced by controlled thermonuclear fusion as "an absolute necessity if the human race is to survive the next quarter-century." They say that they represent the Fusion Energy Foundation and need contributions from conservative businessmen who understand the need to oppose Ralph Nader and the "eco-freaks who threaten the growth of U.S. industry." They sound good. You give them a check.

What they do not tell you is that the Fusion Energy Foundation (FEF), recently and incredibly granted tax-exempt status, is a front for the National Caucus of Labor Committees (NCLC) and its electoral arm, the United States Labor Party (USLP), a self-styled Marxist organization with intimate ties to groups as disparate as the Soviet Mission to the United Nations, the Palestinian terrorist movement, and Willis Carto's Liberty Lobby.

They also do not tell you that your contribution will fund NCLC/USLP propaganda, as well as some of the group's other, equally dubious, undertakings. Nor do they tell you that, not long ago, the NCLC undertook a major campaign to penetrate and influence conservative organizations nationwide.

Emerging originally as a faction of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) during the 1968 Columbia University student strike, the NCLC has grown into an international organization with 1,500 to 2,000 members in the U.S., Canada, Western Europe, and Latin America. Another 1,000 to 1,500 NCLC supporters (called "periphery" by the organization) are grouped around various front organizations, including the U.S. Labor Party (and parallel organizations in other countries—the North American LP, European LP, and Latin American LP), the FEF, the National Unemployed and Welfare Rights Organization (NUWRO), the International Workingmen's Association (IWMA), the Labor Organizer's Defense Fund (LODF), the International Press Service (IPS), and the Committee for Fair Elections (CFE). Its newspaper is called *New Solidarity*. The NCLC, along with its fronts, is under the tight control of its chairman, Lyndon H. LaRouche Jr. (also known by his party name, "Lyn Marcus"), a former Trotskyite who has, in his more modest moments, described himself as "the American Lenin."

Discipline in the organization is strict, and dissenters from LaRouche's particular brand of orthodoxy are dealt with severely. Several NCLC members were arrested in New York in January 1974 for allegedly kidnapping a dissident member and holding her against her will. (The woman later dropped the charges.) The personal lives of members are extensively regulated by the organization. Ties with family and former friends are discouraged. "Unauthorized" personal relations are forbidden. Activities as varied as marijuana-smoking and masturbation are expulsion offenses. Any activity that does not serve the NCLC's interest will generally result in the attention of the NCLC's equivalent of the GPU, the Security Staff.

In recent years the NCLC has distinguished itself from the legitimate Left in the U.S. by its ascriptions of all secular evils to the machinations of the Rockefeller family, its periodic predictions of imminent apocalypse (usually in the form of thermonuclear war), and its perfervid invective. Here is a small sample of the NCLC's rhetoric, from the editorial pages of its theoretical journal, *The Campaigner* (July 1975):

> The world stands on the threshold of the greatest dangers and the greatest promise it has faced in decades. Rockefeller will use any political loophole to try to clamp down his police terror regime. His vision is 1946: terror bombing of millions in Japan, massive European Communist Parties doomed to impotence, whole populations starved into submission. Again he aims to be lord of the rubble—the rubble of Brazil, Western Europe, and the United States.

Or from the December 1975 issue:

> At this moment, the human race stands closer to destruction than at any time in its history. The remaining loyal elements of

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the Rockefeller political-financial machine—*which once bestrode* the world like a colossus but now rages in the [*sic*] mortal terror of its impending extinction as a species—are determined to salvage what they can by bringing the world to the brink of nuclear war. Under present military-strategic circumstances, such desperate folly means the total thermonuclear destruction of North America and major destruction in Europe and the Soviet Union.

Among the allegations which have sprinkled the pages of *New Solidarity* are predictions of imminent worldwide famine and epidemics, all courtesy of the alleged Rockefeller "cabal." The means by which this impending doom may be averted have changed with the NCLC's line over the years; what has never changed is the necessity that the NCLC "seize state power within five years."

Those who publicly dissent from this world-view may find themselves, at some point, targets of the NCLC. An NCLC leaflet dated April 4, 1974 attacks various members of the New York AFL-CIO Central Labor Council as "homosexuals," "perverts," and "criminals." These unionists and their families were subjected to a campaign of obscene and threatening phone calls by NCLC cadres, orchestrated by the NCLC Security Staff in New York. Another NCLC leaflet referred to the president of a UAW local in Toledo in terms the mildest of which was "Woodcocksucker." He and his family were also subjected to obscene and harassing phone calls. The father of an NCLC member, who was attempting to persuade his daughter to leave the organization, was greeted one morning by a hearse whose driver and attendant had been told "to pick up the body," an unmistakable threat. I have been repeatedly attacked in the pages of *New Solidarity* and have received threatening phone calls from NCLC members.

The father of an NCLC member, who was attempting to persuade his daughter to leave the organization, was greeted one morning by a hearse whose driver and attendant had been told 'to pick up the body'

This world-view did not spring into being full-blown at the moment when the NCLC split from SDS. The NCLC was originally a New Left-dilettante study group; it first adopted violent tactics in the spring of 1973 with a series of physical attacks on the Communist Party U.S.A. and other left groups in an effort to prove itself more left than the Left. In the summer of 1973, the NCLC began organizing the now-defunct Revolutionary Youth Movement (RYM) among ghetto youth-gangs, primarily in New York, Newark, and Detroit. In 1974-75 the violence was extended to attacks on trade unionists. Local leaders of the United Auto Workers, United Steelworkers, United Mine Workers, and United Farm Workers, to name a few, were harassed and beaten.

In the summer of 1974 the NCLC held a military training school for selected members at a farm near the villages of Argyle and Salem in upstate New York. Among the subjects covered were explosives and demolition, small arms, small unit tactics, and military history. The explosives and demolition classes were taught by an NCLC technical expert who had been a member of the Puerto Rican terrorist organization MIRA.

Also beginning in 1974, the NCLC cultivated contacts with Palestinian terrorist organizations, particularly the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP). A close liaison with the Iraqi Mission to the United Nations culminated in LaRouche's trip to Baghdad in the spring of 1975 at the invitation of the Iraqi Ba'ath Party (IBP) to meet with IBP and PFLP officials.

In the spring of 1975 the NCLC's focus began to shift from terrorist contacts to an interest in extremist right-wing organizations and, eventually, in responsible conservative organizations.

As early as September 1974 the NCLC was in contact with Ken Duggan, publisher of *The Illuminator* and head of a radical rightist organization in New York known as the Provisional National Government. An NCLC "Security Memorandum" from the spring of 1975 sets out the rationale for this turn:

> Our success in beating back the Fang's [i.e., Nelson Rockefeller's] Endgame Scenario [another NCLC prediction of thermonuclear war] shows the potential impact we can have among previously unpenetrated strata. Operations reports from our organizers in the field indicate growing sympathy for our "Impeach Rocky" campaign among right-wing circles. We must move to take advantage of this situation.
>
> Right-wing organizations offer four opportunities: 1) sources for fund-raising (especially related to our organizing); 2) political contacts to circulate our perspective in anti-Rocky political-financial-military circles; 3) opportunity to expose and discredit Rocky's Buckley-FBI-CIA penetration of the Right; 4) potential USLP members and periphery.
>
> Cadres should be firmly fixed on the politics underlying this move: the real enemy is Rocky's fascism with a democratic face, the liberals, and social fascists. We can cooperate with the Right to defeat this common enemy. Once we have won this battle, eliminating our right-wing opposition will be comparatively easy.
>
> This project will be given top priority. No one can be permitted to block on it. Locals and regions with existing right-wing contacts should TWX names to Security Staff as soon as possible, unless threat of harassment is too great. Scott [Thompson, an NCLC security officer] will coordinate this operation.

Thompson moved quickly to implement this "Security Memorandum." NCLC organizers in Delaware had made contact with Leroy Jones, an American Party leader who had run on that ticket for state senator in 1972 and state representative in 1974. While an article in the June 2, 1975 issue of *New Solidarity* emphasized Jones's alleged connections with the Socialist Party in the 1940s, it failed to mention his current (as of 1975) affiliation with the John Birch Society.* Jones was brought to New York to meet with members of the NCLC Security Staff, and a plan was hatched whereby Jones became the USLP candidate for governor of Delaware and a source of entrée into right-wing circles.

* The John Birch Society has since strongly repudiated the NCLC.

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In the June 16, 1975 issue of *New Solidarity*, Jones's call to "his former comrades in the American Party and other right-wing organizations to join with the Labor Party in its drive to impeach Vice President Nelson Rockefeller and to endorse the Labor Party's reconstruction program" was published. It read in part:

> I came into the U.S. Labor Party for action. The Right is divided. It has no national program. All I did while a member of the American Party was go from meeting to meeting. There was never discussion of what really had to be done. . . . We must take our foreign and military policy out of the hands of the insane Rockefeller cabal and put it back in the hands of the people and their elected representatives. Rockefeller has already bankrupted the capitalist system. Now, he is bringing us to the brink of nuclear war with the Soviet Union We must follow the USLP's programmatic lead. . . .

Jones's appeal met with limited success. Mary Kangas, identified in the article as the Oregon state chairwoman of the Women's Federation of the American Party, joined in his call.

Contacts with Roy Frankhouser, an officer of the Pennsylvania Ku Klux Klan and an activist in the Minutemen and the American Nazi Party, were initially fruitful. However, disclosure of Frankhouser's role as an FBI informant temporarily took the NCLC aback. Regrouping, the organization proceeded to give extensive publicity to the Frankhouser case, claiming it as evidence of the alleged "FBI-CIA-Rockefeller-Buckley" control of the extremist Right.

Vastly more useful to the NCLC, in any case, was a series of contacts provided by Ken Duggan. Duggan introduced the NCLC's Scott Thompson to Willis Carto of the Liberty Lobby. Thompson met regularly with Carto through 1975 and 1976. Sources close to the NCLC report that these meetings centered on joint anti-Rockefeller actions and Carto's use of his connections to procure funding for these operations. These sources further report that Carto's Liberty Lobby was a conduit for extremist right-wing contributions to LaRouche's USLP campaign for the Presidency, including part of the more than $90,000 used to purchase a half-hour prime-time commercial on NBC on the eve of the 1976 election. These allegations are under investigation by the Federal Election Commission.

Other NCLC/Liberty Lobby cooperation included Carto's selling of NCLC literature through his radical rightist network, and prominently displayed endorsements of the NCLC program in the Liberty Lobby newspaper, *Spotlight*. Similar entrée was provided by Duggan into Carto's National Youth Alliance and C. B. Baker's Youth Action.

Duggan also facilitated an NCLC operation undertaken at the behest of the Iraqi Mission to the United Nations, which asked the NCLC Security Staff in May 1975 to investigate the National Renaissance Party (NRP). Some time earlier the NRP had published an antisemitic and pro-Iraqi tract, and the Iraqis, who could not afford the potential embarrassment of an open contact with the NRP, were interested in the group as a possible conduit for propaganda. After some investigation, the NCLC reported back to the Iraqis that the NRP was too small and unstable to be of any real use.

A corollary interest of the NCLC's in this period was, as suggested above, the Buckley family, NATIONAL REVIEW, and responsible conservative organizations, which were seen by the NCLC as instruments of the Rockefeller-CIA conspiracy. Agreements were made with Carto and Baker to exchange information on the Buckleys, YAF, the ACU, *NR*, and others. The offices of NATIONAL REVIEW and Buckley residences in New York City, Stamford, Conn., and Sharon, Conn. were placed under periodic surveillance by the NCLC Security Staff. NCLC security officers visited Robert Yoakum, a freelance writer in Lakeville, Conn., a few miles from Sharon, who opened his extensive files on the Buckley family to the NCLC. This material was used in a series of *New Solidarity* articles on the Buckleys, but the files were also intended, according to sources around the NCLC, for use in planned clandestine harassment operations against the Buckleys. In addition, NCLC security officers purporting to be journalists and conservative activists placed calls to *NR*, YAF, the ACU, *Human Events*, and others to gain current information on various conservative figures.

LaRouche's decision to run a presidential campaign in 1976 marked a turning point in the NCLC's overtures to the Right. For the first time, a serious campaign would be mounted to penetrate, influence, and finally exploit those conservative circles that had previously been dismissed as

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under control of the "FBI-CIA-Rockefeller-Buckley" cabal. In late 1975 and early 1976, the NCLC focused its attentions on the Republican Party and responsible conservative activists. These operations came to be known as "building the Whig Coalition."

The bizarre twists and turns of the NCLC line during the 1976 presidential campaign are difficult to catalogue. The assassination attempts upon President Ford by Sara Jane Moore and Lynette Fromme were described in *New Solidarity* as attempts by Vice President Rockefeller and Secretary of State Kissinger to remove Ford and replace him with Rockefeller. Somewhat later, the Reagan candidacy was characterized by *New Solidarity* as a move by the Rockefeller cabal to dislodge the allegedly anti-Rockefeller Ford forces by a sally from the Right. Finally, the Carter candidacy was heralded by the NCLC as the final blow by the Rockefeller cabal against the "Whig-constitutionalist" Ford. The basis for these theorizings is, to put it charitably, obscure.

However, the increasingly pro-Ford disposition of the NCLC formed the basis for the "Whig Coalition" operations. NCLC field organizers presented Ford, during their campaigning for LaRouche, as the lesser of two evils and the candidate most worthy of support after LaRouche. This line was repeated in a nationally broadcast prime-time paid commercial in which LaRouche spoke for half an hour on the eve of the election. According to informed sources, slightly less than half the $90,000 spent on the commercial came from Republican Party circles; the remainder, according to these same sources, came from right-wing Texas oil interests through Willis Carto and the Liberty Lobby. Precisely why members of the Republican Party should contribute funds to a campaign as bizarre as LaRouche's is a question which deserves an answer.

It was after the 1976 presidential election that the NCLC openly began trying to work jointly with Republicans and responsible conservative groups. This new "Whig Coalition" operation was centered in the Committee for Fair Elections, an NCLC front organization, which charged the Carter campaign and the Democratic Party with massive vote fraud and challenged Carter's election in the courts on that basis. CFE-originated suits were filed in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Wisconsin and listed as complainants in the various litigations electors from the LaRouche campaign, the Ford campaign, and the American Party. In each of the cases where litigation has been completed, the challenges to Carter's election have been dismissed.

In connection with the CFE lawsuits, the NCLC mounted a major fund-raising drive among conservative and Republican organizations and congressmen. A staff member of a moderate-conservative Republican congressman from the Midwest revealed an extensive effort by the NCLC to entangle Republican legislators in these litigations and to use their staffs for fund-raising contacts. The NCLC made use of the International Press Service to gain entrée to the offices of conservative members of Congress. While posing as an independent news service, the IPS is under the control of the NCLC, is funded and staffed by NCLC members, and operates out of the NCLC national headquarters on West 29th Street in New York City. NCLC members, particularly security officers, use IPS credentials to gain admission to various functions as accredited members of the press. An NCLC "Security Memorandum," dated April 28, 1975, reports:

> . . . our contact network on Capitol Hill has been firmly established, and the legitimacy of IPS as a press service is now generally recognized. Under these conditions our briefing operations have already begun to pay off. . . . Bernard [Greene, an NCLC member] and Laura [Chasen, an NCLC member] have accomplished our first phase tasks. However, with Sue [Wagner, an NCLC member on the national staff] now in Washington and Art [Leaderman, a leader in the NCLC Washington local] now taking a more vigorous role we can begin to cultivate more specific contacts in targeted congressional offices through IPS. . . . Our attack on Rocky's Endgame Scenario in Congress will provide us with an in into [*sic*] conservative congressmen. "How Rocky Got Control of the Button" [a 16-page NCLC "intelligence" briefing" used for propaganda purposes] will especially appeal to anti-Rocky conservatives. . . . Special emphasis will be given to the offices and staffs of Senators Helms, Thurmond, and Stennis. A full list of targeted offices is being prepared by the National Security Staff. . . .

These IPS congressional contacts included not merely propaganda and lobbying activities, but also the rifling of files and unauthorized procurement of documents.

Another major thrust of the "Whig Coalition" is the NCLC's attempt to make conservative contacts through the Fusion Energy Foundation. Founded at the prompting of and under the auspices of the NCLC, the FEF remains firmly under NCLC control. Chuck Stevens, Dr. Morris Levitt (both long-time NCLC members), and Uwe Henke (an NCLC National Executive Committee member, also known by his party name, "Uwe Parpart") direct FEF activities on a day-to-day basis. The FEF's main activity is fund-raising. Most of the contributions it takes in go to the NCLC war-chest. Estimates of the NCLC's annual budget range from $1 million to $3 million, with the higher figure the more reliable.

The entrée the NCLC has sought into conservative organizations provides an opportunity for circulating Soviet propaganda in circles where a direct Soviet overture would be impossible

A more recent "Whig Coalition" development has been a growing alliance between the NCLC/USLP and Colonel Thomas A. McCrary's National Coalition of Independents on Issues. (McCrary is a leader of the Independent Party of Georgia.) A September 27, 1977 *New Solidarity* article suggests a motive behind this alliance which goes beyond mere "discussion of issues": "The afternoon session of the [Sep-

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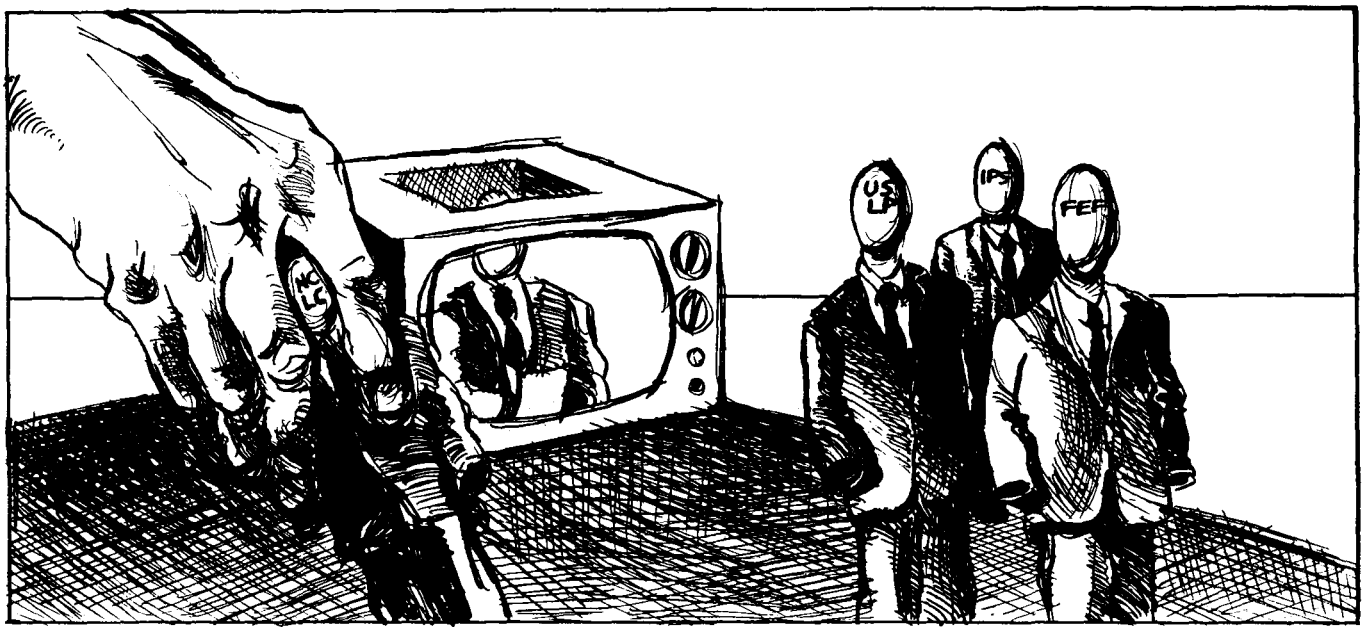

tember 25 Whig Policy Conference] closed with a spirited fund-raising session that demonstrated in dollars the degree of support for the American system. The group raised $2,000. . . ." Once again, the politics of the quick buck.

Three plausible explanations can be given for the web of contacts the NCLC has maintained with the radical Right and sought to build with the responsible Right:

1. The NCLC has a pecuniary interest in cultivating funding sources on the Right. Contributions to the CFE and FEF, for example, help considerably to reduce the NCLC's operating deficit.

2. The NCLC has an obvious ideological affinity with the extreme Right. Radical rightist organizations such as the Liberty Lobby share the NCLC's conspiratorial *Weltanschauung*. The paranoid fascination with the Rockefeller family which characterizes the NCLC also characterizes much of the radical Right.

3. The NCLC's approach to responsible conservative organizations could be part of a campaign to penetrate these groups in the interests of the Soviet Union and its intelligence apparatus. The NCLC is avowedly pro-Soviet, as even a cursory examination of *New Solidarity* will show. The entrée the NCLC has sought into conservative organizations provides an opportunity for circulating Soviet propaganda in circles where a direct Soviet overture would be impossible. This hypothesis is reinforced by the NCLC's close relationship with the Soviet Mission to the United Nations.

In January 1974 the first NCLC contact with the Soviet Mission was established. After an initial meeting with a Soviet diplomat who identified himself as Nikolai Logiunov, Soviet liaison with the NCLC was handled by Gennady Nikolayevich Serebreyakov. While Serebreyakov was officially listed as a press officer of the Mission, he has been identified as a KGB official.

The NCLC representative in this liaison was Konstandinos Kalimtgis (a/k/a "Gus Axios"), a former Greek CP member, heavily involved, as he has told me, in Soviet-sponsored underground activities during the reign of the Colonels. Kalimtgis met regularly with Serebreyakov through 1974-75. NCLC Chairman LaRouche met with Serebreyakov on at least two occasions, once at the Mission and, later, at the NCLC national headquarters in New York. It is not known who replaced Serebreyakov after his return to the Soviet Union, but informed sources suggest that a more clandestine form of contact has been established. The full range of discussions undertaken in these contacts is unknown. But after 1974, the NCLC's Trotskyist line was replaced by a pro-Soviet line.

The NCLC is in a position to promote a pro-Soviet line on such issues as U.S. defense posture within certain conservative circles, whereas the Soviets could not make such an approach directly. It is equally obvious that information on conservative attitudes and personalities gained from NCLC contacts would be helpful to Soviet intelligence.

THE NCLC's ability to move in conservative circles rests not merely on the failure of conservatives to perceive the true character of such fronts as the Committee for Fair Elections and the Fusion Energy Foundation, but, more, on a fundamental misunderstanding of the parent organization. The NCLC's posture of political independence, its advocacy of positions on issues that are tangential to its own primary political program but important to conservative activists (e.g., opposition to the decriminalization of marijuana), and the forcefulness of its criticisms of prominent Left and liberal leaders have led many on the Right to buy its pitch—and pay for it.

Responsible leftists and liberals, the victims of NCLC violence and harassment, have long harbored serious suspicions of the NCLC's methods and aims. Much of the Left regards the NCLC as a police-provocateur organization. There is little evidence, if any, to support such a hypothesis. However, the evidence of a Soviet connection is extensive and well-founded. Conservatives should regard the NCLC with hostility and should warn and, if necessary, repudiate those on the Right whom it has ensnared. □

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LETTER FROM RHODESIA

Living in Fear

DIANA SANFORD

David Wakefield, 29, and his wife, Lynne, 27, own and operate a six-thousand-acre cattle ranch in the Mtoko farming district, located about 75 miles northeast of Salisbury.

They have one child—their three-year-old daughter, Bernice. David's brother, Gray Wakefield, 31, also lives and works on the ranch, which has belonged to the Wakefield family since 1945.

Less than sixty miles to the east is Rhodesia's border with Mozambique, where black nationalist leader Robert Mugabe operates his guerrilla bases. From these bases, guerrillas armed and trained by Cubans and Russians make raids into Rhodesia, killing and terrorizing the civilian population, both black and white.

What follows are excerpts from a letter written by David and Lynne Wakefield last fall to a relative in the United States. The letter gives a first-hand account of what life is like for a white family under constant threat of guerrilla attack.

OUR HOUSE is surrounded by a security fence eight feet high. Six spotlights are spaced evenly around the fence, their beams directed outward. Apart from these things, our safety depends on our "Agric-alert" radio transmitter and receiver, which we carry from room to room, and our guns, which are constantly by our sides.

Our truck has an attachment fitted on the outside, just in front of the driver's door, which carries a weapon and allows Dave to drive and shoot at the same time. I [Lynne] sit with my gun on my lap, cocked and ready to fire, with the window rolled down.

We have to drive very slowly on dirt roads so that we can watch out for land mines, which the ters [short for terrorists—the Rhodesians' term for the guerrillas] love planting. In fact, you aim the vehicle over existing tire tracks, and any disturbed soil has to be investigated. But you have to watch that too, as sometimes they will lay the land mines, disturb the ground, and then lie in ambush for you.

A new thing has been introduced on the border farms. They have assigned us three Guard Force members to patrol around the fence just before dark, sweep the roads for land mines, and escort Dave whenever he goes around the farm. However, since the ters have infiltrated everywhere, it's difficult to trust anyone, and how do we know that some of these Guard Force people aren't on their side?

A lot of blacks are joining the Guard Force. They are paid higher-than-average wages, and after a minimum training they are pushed out to homesteads and protected villages. At night they are supposed to do guard duty in trenches Dave has dug around the house, but they either climb over the fence to sleep with the farmworkers' wives, or return to their own homes.

Any form of social life is now practically nonexistent. The only entertainment we have now is going to the club on Sundays or going to friends for the night. Travel is restricted, and it is permitted only during the hours of daylight. We can't travel too early in the morning, either, since the roads won't have been swept for land mines.

Shopping is now an ordeal. We leave at 7 A.M. and then have to leave Salisbury no later than 2 P.M. We never get anything done unless we stay the night and shop for two days; but then it means that the farm is left unoccupied, an open invitation.

I worry constantly about Bernice, and have a permanent knot in my stomach. The ters slaughtered a white baby not so long ago and hung it on a wrought-iron pot stand. The parents had gone for a short walk, heard the shooting, and rushed back to find *that*.

It's just too awful. I can't tell you half the things they've done—like lock 17 blacks, a whole family, from the grandfather to the newborn baby, in a hut and set it alight.

Bernice is now at a stage where she wants to go everywhere with her Daddy. I have to let her go. I can't make her stay inside the house all day. My only consolation is, if she and David were hit by a land mine or were ambushed, they would die together. But if they were captured, which is something the terrorists have been doing lately, I think I would go mad.

The situation is so bad now that if Bernice sees Dave get dressed into his camouflage kit she becomes quite hysterical, and for the time that he is away she cries continuously. This is no life for a baby.

[*David now continues the letter.*]

ALTHOUGH SOME terrorists have given themselves up and are now working with the government security forces, there are thousands who have not. Every town, tribal trust land, city, and farming area has ters in its midst. We are fighting a losing battle, and for what?

It has to be a political solution if we are to have any chance. If we had only one African leader to deal with, it would be easy. But there are four or five, and they are all jockeying to be top dog. This makes negotiation very difficult.

Joshua Nkomo, who is based in Zambia and claimed responsibility for the recent shooting down of the Air Rhodesia plane, is a member of the Matabele tribe, which accounts for 25 per cent of Rhodesia's black population. He is not willing to join in any general election, because from a tribal point of view he couldn't win. So he thinks his only chance of becoming president is from the barrel of a gun.

The other three main leaders are Mashonas and thus belong to the same tribe as 75 per cent of the black population. They have more chance of winning an election, but one of them, Robert Mugabe, is an avowed Marxist.

Mugabe and Nkomo are worried that if elections take place and there is a good turn-out at the polls, their credibility will be at stake. So they are intensifying the war to intimidate the locals with ghastly atrocities. They have pretty much succeeded. [The elections are now scheduled for April 15.]

(Continues on page 437)

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DEAD LETTERS

The Great Postal Revolt

JOHN KEEFAUVER

IT WAS AFTER he read about the taxpayer revolt in California that Henry Littlefinger began another revolt by buying the following full-page ads in the nation's major newspapers:

"As a protest against the latest outrageous postal rate increase," the ads read, "I'm asking all patriotic mailers to join me in deducting at least 50 per cent from the postage required and, in lieu of that amount, writing or, more practically, stamping the following message in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope:

" 'IMPORTANT NOTICE. I regret to inform you that, due to the extraordinary rise in my cost of living over the last five years, I will be forced at this time to decrease my payment to the Postal Service by 50 per cent.

" 'As I am sure you realize, the consuming public is a vital part of our free-market economy. Its ability to survive and spend is of the greatest importance to our national interest. I know therefore, that you will bear with me during this difficult period, in the full knowledge that I intend to continue my loyal patronage of the U.S. Postal Service and to make prompt payment of postage at my new lower rate. THANK YOU.' "

The response was immediate. In a matter of days, the Postal Service was swamped with mail bearing insufficient postage and stamped with the ad's message, or at least part of it. Many mailers simply wrote, "Continuing my loyal patronage at my new lower rate, thanks a lot, fellas." Gradually, though, many stamped, complete messages appeared.

The Postal Service, of course, simply stamped postage-due notices on the millions of envelopes involved and sent them either back to the senders or to the dead-letter office.

Mr. Keefauver lives in Carmel, California, where he has learned many things—some of them good.

Within a week after the ads appeared, however, the Postal Service was so busy rubber-stamping envelopes that they couldn't keep the mail that did have correct postage—and it wasn't much—moving at anywhere near the correct speed; and by the end of the following week more than 50 per cent of all postal employees were doing nothing but rubber-stamping envelopes.

Additionally, the press was running front-page stories on the Great Postal Revolt, which in turn added millions to the number of revolters, most of whom were by now revolting the easy way, with a purchased rubber stamp.

By the end of the third week of the Great Revolt, Postal Service employees were so busy rubber-stamping mail that counter service was reduced to morning hours only, and most of that time was taken up with serving mailers lined up to receive, by paying the postage due, their returned mail or mail forwarded from the dead-letter office. They paid it happily. A festive, we'll-show-'em mood buoyed the block-long lines, not unlike, perhaps, the mood that prevailed during the Boston Tea Party.

An angered and exhausted Postal Service, in an attempt to allow its counter employees to do something besides collect postage due, began in the fourth week of The Revolt to send *all* mail-with-the-message to regional dead-letter offices; they threatened to let it "rot there." But by the fifth week the offices were so crammed that the service began renting armories, gymnasiums, and finally the Houston Astrodome to store the stuff in.

Adding to the cost was the fact that the Service had to buy thousands and thousands of rubber stamps with the new dead-letter addresses and to hire people just to do *that* stamping.

The U.S. Postal Service was now losing $4.2 million a week. As the Revolt entered its second month, a state of emergency was declared, and in many states the National Guard was used for nothing but rubber-stamping mail and hauling it to dead-letter offices.

THE SERVICE was nearing collapse when the postal inspectors finally broke Henry Littlefinger's alias and tracked him to his place of business.

His *former* place of business, as it turned out—because Henry, rubbing his hands as he took gleeful note of the recent postal increase to the north and fully aware that postal service in the United States was about to end, had moved his business, the giant One-Day-Service Rubber Stamp Manufacturers Co., to Canada. □

"Dear, one of your curlers has slipped . . ."

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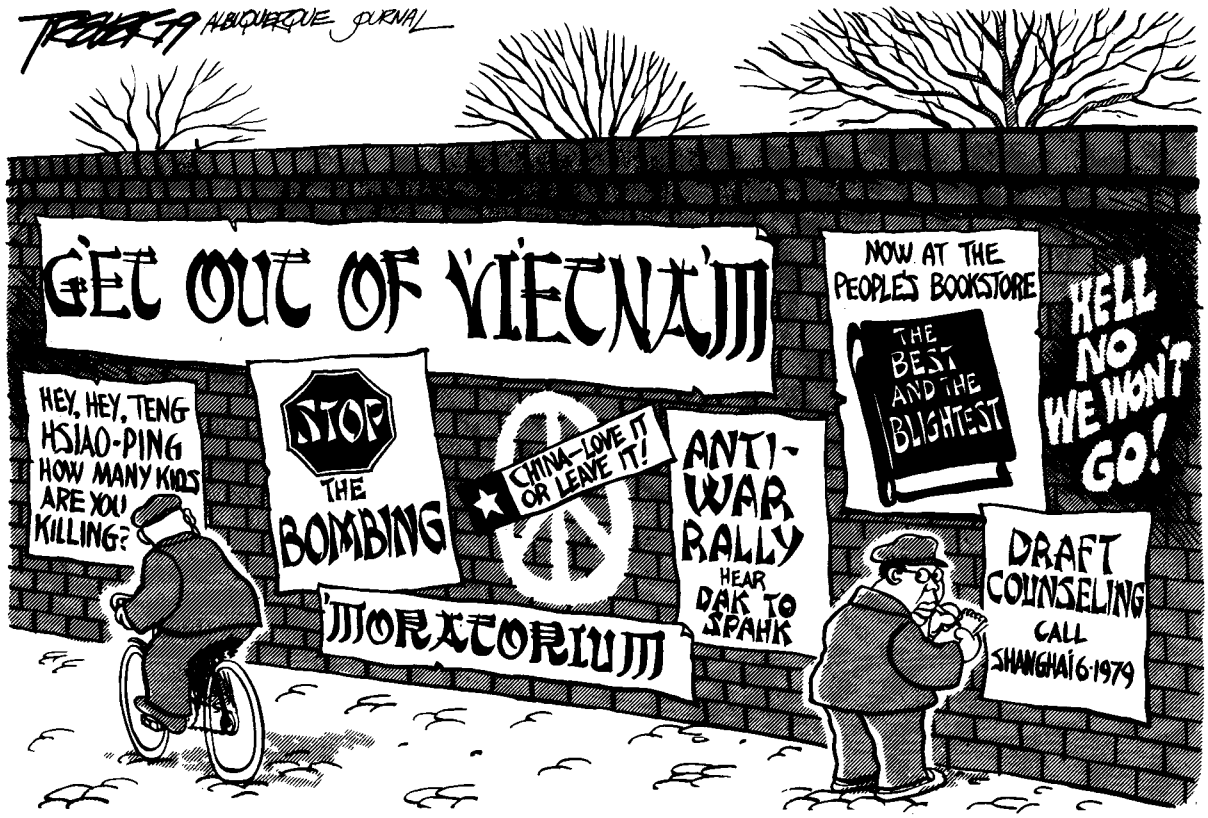
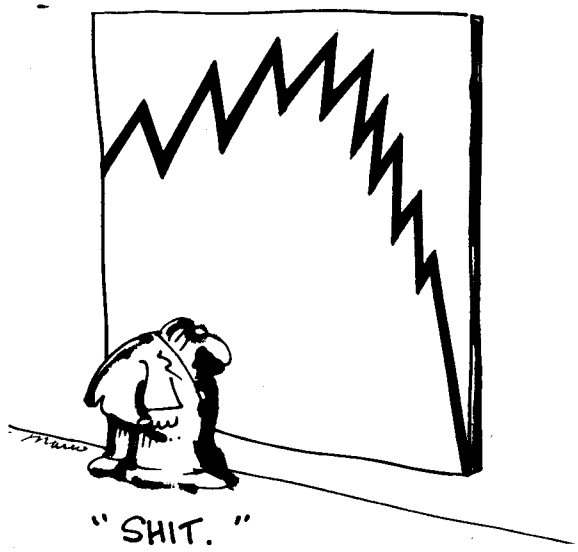
help!!!!


TREVER 79 ALBUQUERQUE JOURNAL
GET OUT OF VIETNAM
HEY, HEY, TENG HSIAO-PING HOW MANY KIDS ARE YOU KILLING?
STOP THE BOMBING
CHINA—LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT!
ANTI-WAR RALLY HEAR DAK TO SPAHK
MORATORIUM
NOW AT THE PEOPLE'S BOOKSTORE
THE BEST AND THE BLIGHTEST
HELL NO WE WON'T GO!
DRAFT COUNSELING CALL SHANGHAI 6-1979

Some Call It Honor

Knights understood the gauntlet, thrown;
A condor kills intruders.
Spain sank attempting to dethrone
Successive reigns of Tudors.
Ants understand what's theirs is theirs,
And so does the gorilla,
But Jimmy would have offered prayers
To placate Pancho Villa.

W. H. von Dreele



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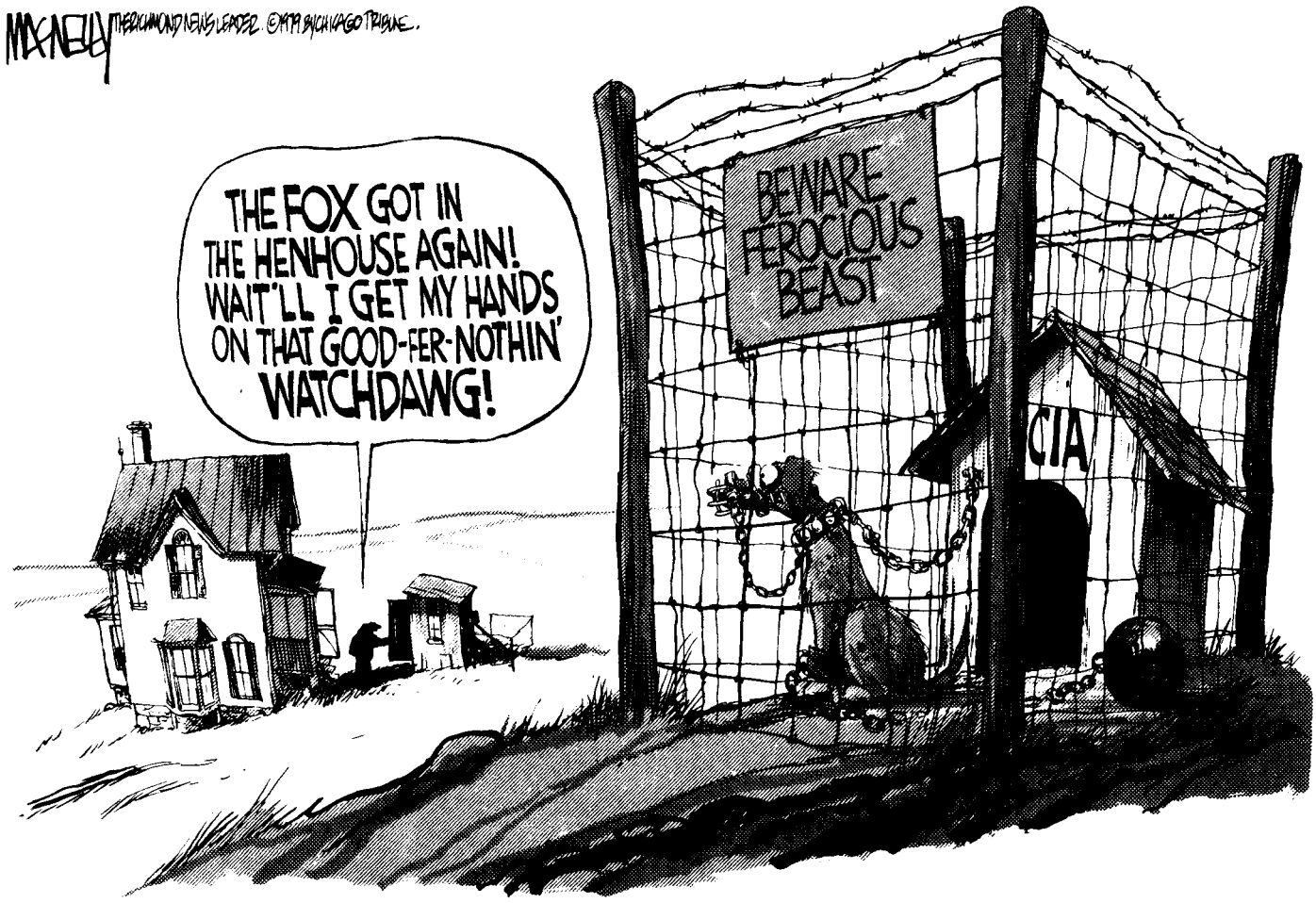

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UNESCO

Western news services, laments the Third World, concentrate on the grisly and neglect the positive. This is only partially true. What the news services really concentrate on is the bottom line

The Third World Has a Point

NICHOLAS KING

THE COLLAPSE of the Shah's government took the American public by surprise. Why, people wailed, didn't the CIA let us know the state of affairs in Iran so we could prepare ourselves to face this threat to our oil supplies and general strategic interests? The question might well have been, Why didn't the American press, specifically its foreign editors and foreign correspondents—who are or can be just as well informed as the CIA, who in fact pride themselves on being right when the CIA is wrong—pass on the message to their readers? Whatever effect the Iranian revolution may have on American policies and positions, it has certainly given the news gatherers a black eye.

The point can be usefully made in connection with the recent row in UNESCO over the nature and quality of international coverage in the Western press—meaning the spread of unkind tidings about events in the Third World. While no one thought UNESCO would go so far as to recommend the censorship of such news, some Third World governments, puffed on by the Soviet Union and other Communist states, provoked the American journalistic community to mighty wrath.

In the end the UNESCO majority retreated into an anodyne expression of encouragement for international understanding. And the Americans were right in substance: but the Third World countries have a genuine grievance all the same, even though they may go about attempting to redress it in the wrong way. The grievance centers on how news is collected by Western news organizations and how it is published in the Western press.

The great majority of Western stories about the Third World, the argument runs, are "bad." Natural disasters cannot be helped, but bloodshed, unrest, poverty, disease, murder, and general violence are not the only things that take place in Africa or Asia or Latin America. What about the "positive" things, the complaint goes on, like health programs, or housing developments, or hard-won economic achievement, or cultural maturity, or even a free election now and then? The trouble is that if dispatches are written on such subjects, they are likely to end up on the overnight wire or the feature clip-sheet or nowhere. The evil that men do lives after them. The good goes on the spike. It is a general rule of humanity.

The Undead Stringer

This much out of the way, it needs to be said that foreign correspondence in the American press is poor. The Western media (renown awaits the inventor of a substitute word) in general have a lot to answer for in their role of observers, and all too frequently judges, of what goes on in unknown or faraway places. It is therefore worth examining how such places are covered by Western correspondents in order to realize how sketchy or arbitrary the coverage usually is, how determined by political considerations, and how subject to personal condition or circumstance. News from the Third World—apart from a few major centers where Western newspapers still maintain special correspondents, and they are dwindling—is obtained and circulated by four Western agencies: two American, the Associated Press and United Press International; Reuter, which is British; and Agence France-Presse, whose French government subsidy in truth influences it very little. (TASS, the Soviet agency, is the only one with a worldwide network, but it deals in propaganda, not news.)

Reporters in these agencies' outposts in the Third World come in all stripes and sizes. Sometimes they are Americans or Europeans, often inexperienced and usually underpaid. Or they are street-wise locals with good contacts and an adequate grasp of their clients' national or commercial languages (such locals naturally come from the educated class in backward countries and are often the tacit nominees of the governments they are covering). Or else they may be double or triple media agents, working openly enough for a variety of outlets and clandestinely for still others. Or, finally, they can be sports stringers or enterprising office boys or even just someone with an American-sounding name over whose opportune by-line a great anonymous file can flow. (When I was working for an American wire service in Paris we called up our stringer in Algiers in connection with an earthquake there, not to find out what he could give us on it, but to make sure he was not dead and therefore patently incapable of reporting under his own by-line. It was his name we wanted and nothing more.)

It is also true that if the locals are influenced by thoughts of the reaction of their own governments to what they

Mr. King worked for a number of years in the London and Paris bureaus of UPI.

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file, American correspondents in the Third World rely extremely heavily on United States embassies. The smaller and more remote the capital, the more the visiting American reporter will use his "briefings" to inform his journalism Indeed, correspondents are likely to hear the familiar phrase "Here's your lead" far more often from embassy press attachés than they would from their own editors. Such a situation is inevitable and should not be judged harshly, for what other sources could a peripatetic newspaperman hope to cultivate in the space of a day or two? But, naturally, the local authorities see this as evidence of the influence Washington must have on the press and its representatives.

Wire-service news gathering in this spirit, let it be understood, is a business whose activities are concentrated in the accounting of profit and loss. Just as television news management has the cost of the time and movement of camera crews as a constant deterrent between it and coverage of most events, so wire-service coverage of the Third World needs to be justified too, if not financially, then less plausibly in terms of prestige. Financial justification might include coverage of clients within the country by means of an incoming service, or it might be based on a market for news of that country elsewhere (though this would be a case of prestige justification too). This is especially true of Africa, although there is such keen interest in African news at present that competitiveness alone would automatically send all the wire services scurrying to almost any active dateline there.

Moreover, many Third World governments (speaking still of Africa), in the absence of diplomatic networks, have no source of rapid information other than the wire-service teleprinters. (There used to be a ticker in the barracks of the Imperial Guard in Addis Ababa so that armed sallies might be directed against the right enemy at the right moment). Thus, important decisions must often be made by official personages on the basis of what they see on the wires—a slightly different version of the familiar rip-and-read pattern of radio disc jockeys. This thought has given wire-service desk men a start more than once.

But here is another difficulty. For if governments are clients, as they must be to have the service in the first place, it follows that they must be approached at contract renewal time as client editors are approached in Western news rooms, with the difference that novice bureaucrats know less than seasoned journalists. Is the tailoring of an occasional news report possible in the interests of such a client relationship? No one will say, but it is obvious that such a practice is indeed a possibility, and one that cannot be monitored or guarded against. Neither the news organizations nor the governments concerned are anxious to have such situations exposed to elaborate debate; they ask merely, and with reason, that facile indignation be tempered by some appreciation of circumstance.

Blanket of Ignorance

To leave Africa, where chaotic local conditions often make standard reporting difficult, the case of Latin America is certainly a clear reproach to any claim of responsible foreign coverage worthy of a world which pays such majestic lip service to "communication," and whose leading inhabitants, particularly its businessmen, are besotted with being informed. Latin America is considered a part of the Third World because statistically it is so poor, and its politics and economics are so often unstable (though its society is not). Yet despite the pious and honestly determined efforts of American journalism for at least forty years, Latin America lies under a blanket of ignorance and obscurity that is wonderful to contemplate.

Here is a vast continent-and-a-half, teeming with people many of whom live in highly industrialized circumstances, and widely touted as the region of the future—Brazil is practically futurism come alive. But our day-to-day information about it is scanty in the extreme and, when supplied, usually perfunctory. The only Latin American leaders whose names are familiar to the North American public are those who have made it as Marxists: Fidel Castro in Cuba, Salvador Allende in Chile, and Che Guevara—or is it Chega Vara (as some write)?—who is remembered as a kind of radical out of a 1960s French film script. Omar Torrijos, the Maximum Leader of the Panamanians, might have made the identification line-up, but he chose to drop himself into the River Styx after the Panama Canal treaties were signed.

The American wire services have a network of reporters in Latin America and operate important news distribution systems there (the UPI maintained its foreign service for years largely on the fees paid by the old *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires). They cover the news, but the editors of American papers print as little about Latin America as they can get away with, and that is very little. The routine revolutions that appear from time to time are written up in that awful wire-service sausage style, unsuited to such a subject and just begging to be chopped at the end of every paragraph. The stories start out with the chatter of machine-guns and crowds running and dispersing as on an ancient newsreel. Then there is the police reaction, usually involving tear gas; burning automobiles; students hurling rocks at the government palace; and—we are already down to the end of the fourth paragraph—statements by generals. All that remains is a tag to tell us whether the revolutionaries were pro- or anti-American (generally the latter), but in any case that they were not Communist-led, this being easier than saying the op-

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posite straightaway. The "background" material, explaining why the violence broke out and what its political and national contexts were, is left for the overnight wire, that is, Lethe. It isn't the fault of the local newspapermen in the far-flung bureaus—ask any one of them what he thinks of the play his stories get.

Again, two or three of the biggest American papers, like the *New York Times*, will have permanent correspondents in Mexico and Brazil or Argentina, and these men do move about. But it is impossible to cover such a huge and vastly diverse continent as South America with reporters who are obliged constantly to pick up and chase after stories in other capitals. American Presidents and Secretaries of State think that South American countries are very much the same and therefore they can knock off half a dozen of them per visit. Foreign editors make the same mistake. Parenthetically, foreign editors must share the blame with the correspondents, indeed assume the lion's share of it, since they are in theory responsible for the assignments. But the foreign editor of today has watched his prestige greatly wane. More often than not, there is just a cable desk shuffling through wire copy in the hopes of coming up with something respectable for the daily news or makeup conferences, and without any higher direction at all.

And then too, when the specials move, they have to justify their expenses by filing something, whether or not there is anything going on in the places where they happen to be. This results in the well-known Sunday articles, buried deep in the paper, which have headlines like "Bookmobiles Combat Illiteracy in Bolivia." As a matter of fact, initiates look eagerly for such pieces, knowing that they often disguise valuable accounts that wouldn't get printed otherwise. The best coverage of Latin America is to be found in the European press—in the *Financial Times*, for example, or *Le Monde*.

'Good News'

To return to UNESCO, the reaction of the American journalistic community to Third World grievances is to create similar wire services in Asia, Africa, and Latin America, supported by American money and coached by American newspapermen. These might fulfill face-saving purposes, but they would not get much further than the established wire services do already. Many countries have tried to do this for themselves (Libya and Somalia are examples of places where it can't work), but they tend to do nothing more than cosmetic jobs for the ministers of information who direct them.

Tanjug, the Yugoslavian agency, has tried valiantly to run such a news network representing the Third World on a cooperative basis, transmitting on its fairly extensive network bits and pieces from several dozen of these small national outfits. The effort is praiseworthy but it cannot be called a news operation. And then there is Tanjug itself, the nationalist agency of a Communist state, which no free newspaper could trust as a disinterested source. Finally the example of TASS, and its satellite mimics, shows what happens when only the "good news" is allowed to be reported. Good-news-only does not mean just propaganda, which the Third World might easily countenance in its national agencies. It means blackout, void, ignorance in the strict sense of the word.

But we might profitably reflect that ignorance need not be a monopoly of totalitarian systems or viewpoints. It can belong to everybody. □

Hypotheses & QEDs

If Warnke is possibly
The jackass of the century,
Is Mister Carter smarter?
(He's glibber.)

If Moscow claims Olympic Games
Are politics by other names,
Will NBC agree?
(It'll put its mouth where its money is.)

If Andy Young won't hold his tongue,
His color-blinded mind unstrung,
Does Carter see the skin he's in?
(Indelibly.)

If guideline goals develop holes
As Labor balks at wage controls,
Will Jimmy say okay?
(Smilingly.)

If more taxation mugs the nation,
Setting up a crash deflation,
Who'll survive the dive?
(Califano's cook and chauffeur.)

If Carter digs those Cuban MiGs
As purely for defensive gigs,
Who says that's what they're not?
(Nobody but us chickens.)

If Carter and Sadat demand
That Israel hold a losing hand,
Is Begin tough enough?
(He's not playing for a bagel concession in Cairo.)

If we are sold on selling gold
To firm the dollar as of old,
What's the price of yen, again?
(Going up with the mark, the franc, et cetera.)

If Memphis means the party leans
Toward kicking Carter in the jeans,
Just when is Teddy ready?
(He's waiting, circling overhead.)

If cutting ties with old allies
Will please the foes we recognize,
How make amends to friends?
(Let them twist slowly in the wind.)

Ozzie Caswell

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The Taiwan Connection

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

PRESIDENT CARTER'S decision to "normalize" relations with Red China has prompted a spate of legislation designed to counter his initiative and provide assurances to the Republic of China on Taiwan.

Most lawmakers are willing to concede that the Executive has authority to extend or withdraw diplomatic recognition and thus are not contesting the exchange of ambassadors with Peking. They *are* contesting the Administration's readiness to establish dealings with the Communists on terms dictated by them: renunciation of our Mutual Defense Treaty with Taiwan, withdrawal of U.S. forces from the island, and stipulation that Taiwan belongs to Communist China and may be dealt with as the Communists see fit.

In exchange for these concessions, so far as the public record discloses, the Administration got virtually nothing. It apparently did not even ask the Red Chinese to renounce the use of force against Taiwan, relying instead on Peking's "failure to contradict" our unilateral hopes about this subject as a sign of future good intentions. This state of affairs is considered unacceptable by virtually everyone in Congress. In addition, the President ignored the unanimous Senate resolution of last July stating that "there should be prior consultation" with the Senate before changing defense arrangements with Taiwan.

Angered not only by what the President did but by how he did it, numerous legislators have introduced bills and resolutions designed to firm up relations with Free China. Among the most widely publicized and most tepid is the motion produced by Senators Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts and Alan Cranston of California, expressing the totally general and non-binding sentiment that events in the Formosa Strait should not be such as to jeopardize "the interests, concerns, and expectations of the United States."

More serious efforts to help Taiwan have proceeded from the minority side of the aisle, with a number of Democrats also joining in. Senator Robert Dole (R., Kan.) has introduced a resolution condemning the President for ignoring the "prior consultation" requirement, while other lawmakers have moved to roll back the unilateral effort of the Executive to do away with our treaty obligation. Senator Barry Goldwater (R., Ariz.) has introduced a concurrent resolution (S. Con. Res. 22) making the constitutional point that the treaty commitments of the United States can be dissolved only by the authorities that undertake them—the President plus a two-thirds majority in the Senate.

Goldwater's resolution, which has 15 co-sponsors, parallels the case that he and other legislators have brought in federal court to prevent the President from abrogating our agreement with Taiwan. Additional legislative motions concerning the constitutional points at issue have been introduced by Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia, asserting that approval of the Senate is required to secure the abrogation of a treaty, and Senator William V. Roth of Delaware, requiring the President to provide the Senate with sixty-day notice of his intention to renounce a treaty, giving that body a chance to debate and vote on the matter.

THESE constitutional resolutions are important for Taiwan, and also for the precedent involved in future dealings with foreign powers. If a President may unilaterally abrogate the defense treaty with Free China, what is to prevent him from violating any other treaty he finds offensive? On this principle, the most solemn long-term commitments of the United States may be abridged with every change of Administration in the White House.

Going to the policy content of the issue, rather than the constitutional verities, is a second bill from Senator Roth, seeking to extend our defense commitment to Taiwan beyond the cut-off date announced by Mr. Carter (January 1, 1980). This resolution (S. J. Res. 17) would legislatively replicate the language of the defense treaty, stating that "the United States would regard an armed attack against Taiwan or the Pescadores as dangerous to its own peace and security, and declares that it would act to meet the common danger in accordance with its constitutional processes."

As a joint resolution, the Roth proposal would be binding on the President, rather than merely advisory or permissive, and it has considerable backing among hardliners on the issue. His bill also contains a provision mandating the establishment of government-to-government liaison between the United States and the Republic of China, rather than the unofficial arrangements preferred by the Administration. Other resolutions urging continuation of the defense commitment to Taiwan have been introduced by Senators Dole (S. Res. 13), John Danforth of Missouri (S. Res. 12), and Dennis DeConcini of Arizona (S. Res. 11).

As this discussion suggests, one of the major problems with the pro-Taiwan legislation is that there is so much of it, reflecting this or that aspect of the subject that seems important to a particular legislator and leading off in a wide variety of directions. Efforts are accordingly under way to draft an omnibus bill embracing the several features alluded to above, so that attempts to energize opinion and lobby Congress will have an identifiable object. Taking the lead in this respect is the Senate Republican Steering Committee, chaired by Senator James McClure of Idaho. The committee staff has come up with a working draft which would include provisions 1) reaffirming the Mutual Defense Treaty and 59 other agreements between the United States and Taiwan; 2) providing for the sale of military equipment to Taiwan; 3) calling for countermeasures against the Mainland should it attempt to subjugate Taiwan through economic pressure; 4) providing for establishment of government-to-government relations; and 5) protecting Taiwan's participation in international financial institutions to which the United States is party.

When such legislation has been perfected (at this writing it has not yet been dropped into the hopper) it will provide a sorely needed focus for public agitation on the issue. □

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Putting On the Tiara

Sage Brush

DALE VREE

THERE HAS BEEN a sudden and dramatic revival of interest in the Marxist-Christian dialogue, which has been alternately running and limping along for the last 15 to twenty years. The revival was sparked by the selection of a Pope from Marxist-ruled Poland and that Pope's trip to Puebla, Mexico to address the Third General Conference of Latin American Bishops (CELAM III) on the issues of evangelization and liberation. Two major religious quarterlies were fortunate enough to have devoted entire issues to Marxist-Christian relations in the months prior to these events: the Winter 1978 issue of Temple University's *Journal of Ecumenical Studies*, and the Spring 1978 issue of *Cross Currents*, the liberal Catholic quarterly.

Showcase of Error

It is instructive to contrast the special pre-CELAM issue of *Cross Currents* with John Paul II's history-making speech at Puebla, because the special issue, which is a showcase of liberation theology, is from the papal point of view a showcase of error. This issue of *Cross Currents* was edited by the veteran Latin Americanist Gary MacEoin, who was denied press accreditation by the Conference on the grounds of his lack of objectivity in writing about the Roman Catholic Church. In a sense, MacEoin had it coming, since in his Editorial Introduction to the special issue he proclaimed that the struggle in the Latin American Church involves "two mutually incompatible ecclesiologies." The *Cross Currents* ecclesiology, said MacEoin in commenting on the thrust of the entire issue, regards the Church as "a sign of universal salvation," whose task it is "to bring the world to the perfection God intended for it" and to "be seen clearly . . . on the side of the poor and oppressed."

With such an ecclesiology, doctrinal truth about God and Christ ("orthodoxy") is of no consequence, since, according to the heterodox doctrine of universal salvation, everyone will be saved regardless of what he believes in or does. But the Pope countered that argument head-on: "to be watchful for purity of doctrine . . . is, . . . together with the proclamation of the Gospel, the primary and irreplaceable duty" of the Church. The claim that the Church's mission is, like that of the Marxist parties, to perfect the world trades on a fundamental misunderstanding of the nature of the kingdom of God, whereby, said the Pope, the kingdom "is emptied of its full content and is understood in a rather secularist sense: it is interpreted as being reached not by faith and membership in the Church but by the mere changing of structures, and social and political involvement." In a sermon prior to his major address, John Paul II acknowledged that the Church should show preferential love for the poor, yet the love of Christ, he added, "excludes no one."

A Modern Manifesto

It is clear that the Pope has sniffed a Marxist-inspired corruption of the Gospel in liberation theology—or at least in its more rigid and extreme versions. For example, a manifesto by the Costa Rican Ecumenical Council in the special issue of *Cross Currents* declared that "we work for the kingdom of God by fighting for the poor and by raising their consciousness." And, according to Pablo Richard's contribution, "only in the struggle against every form of oppression" are Christians able to be saved —which is not only bizarre, but veers off from universal salvation to assert that those Christians with the wrong politics are damned. The Pontiff replied in effect: Sure, let's struggle for the poor and against oppression; but let's not deflate the Gospel to those terms, for to do so is to follow not *the* Gospel, but another gospel.

The official theme of CELAM III was evangelization. But the *Cross Currents* liberationists wanted to collapse evangelization into political liberation, just as they want to translate love for the poor into plebeian revolution and to reduce the kingdom of God to a worldly utopia.

Pope John Paul deftly picked up these liberationist themes and, by expanding them, began to Christianize them. Quoting *Evangelii Nuntiandi*, he said liberation is "above all" liberation "from sin and the evil one in the joy of knowing God and being known by him." You won't hear about *that* in the special issue of *Cross Currents*. But without that, the Pope astutely noted, the Christian message of liberation "would no longer have any originality." To confuse evangelization with political ideology—a trap even the modern papacy still falls into—is to cripple evangelization, for it introduces an alien element into the Body of Christ that ultimately sets Christian against brother Christian: and the evil one loves nothing better. But the Pope said, again quoting *Evangelii Nuntiandi*, that if the Gospel "is seen to be rent by doctrinal disputes, ideological polarizations, or mutual condemnations among Christians . . . how can those to whom we address our preaching fail to be disturbed, disoriented, even scandalized?"

The real reactionaries are those *Cross Currents* "progressives" who want a political Messiah, because, if they are successful, what they will achieve in the end is not a worldly utopia (as the Church has always known), but raw political power for themselves and for their allies. The *Cross Currents* clericalists want a neo-medieval church, a power church; they want to put on the tiara, which the modern papacy, to its credit, has finally put away. But a power church is an oppressor's church which eclipses the evangelical light of Christ.

In a sermon, John Paul admonished his priests and monks: "You are not social directors, political leaders, or functionaries of a temporal power." To which I would say, along with the people of the Republic of Mexico, *¡Viva Juan Pablo!* □

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Books Arts & Manners

The Democratic Scribe

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

On Moral Fiction
By John Gardner
Basic Books, 214 pp., $8.95

Democracy and the Novel: Popular Resistance to Classic American Writers
By Henry Nash Smith
Oxford University Press, 204 pp., $13.95

Discovering the News: A Social History of American Newspapers
By Michael Shudson
Basic Books, 228 pp., $10.95

—And I Worked at the Writer's Trade: Chapters of Literary History, 1918-1978
By Malcolm Cowley
Viking, 276 pp., $12.50

It was more than half a century ago that Irving Babbitt attacked John Dos Passos' novel *Manhattan Transfer* as "an explosion in a sewer"; since then modern fiction has come to resemble more an explosion in a nut-house, with ancillary blasts going off in a massage parlor and in an abstract-expressionist gallery down the block. Contemporary novelists are considered admirable to the degree that they select for their setting a swirling void and populate it with murderers, child-molesters, artists, alienated professors, and other misfits, whom they provide with a set of motives drawn from their own nihilistic vision of the universe. The more irresponsible and alienated the vision, the more bucks the publishers fork out in advances and the more lurid the approbation of the blurb-writers and critics.

John Gardner, a mediocre novelist of some reputation, deplores this state of affairs in which "every new novelist, composer, and painter—or so we're told—is more 'disturbing' than the last." He agrees that it is the job of the artist to tell the truth as he sees it, but he denies that this duty operates at cross-purposes with the notion that art is "essentially and primarily moral—that is, life-giving—moral in its process of creation and moral in what it *says*." Gardner himself takes his theory of the function of art from Leo Tolstoy, who wrote in *What Is Art?*:

> The task of art is enormous. Through the influence of real art, aided by science, guided by religion, that peaceful cooperation of man which is now maintained by external means by our law-courts, police, charitable institutions, factory inspection, and so forth should be obtained by man's free and joyous activity. Art should cause violence to be set aside.

Gardner's book was handled gingerly by the reviewers, who did not, as it were, wish to come out for sodomizing sheep but were loath publicly to endorse heterosexual relations between consenting humans. Their ambivalence, I suspect, derives from the conflict between their aesthetic and their moral sense, the first of which is depraved, and the second, insufficiently charged to permit it to dominate depravity. Henry Nash Smith, in a shrewd little book, *Democracy and the Novel*, offers what looks to be a critical description of the origins of this imbalance.

During the last couple of centuries, writers in the West have had the privilege of working under the eye of two sorts of censor: autocratic and dictatorial government, and popular propriety. At the risk of being ungracious to the Constitution of the United States and some seven generations of American politicians who have for the most part conscientiously kept their dirty hands off the First Amendment, I suggest that the literary maxim "Hard writing makes good reading" operates on several levels of meaning, as they say in the schools. It isn't necessarily bad for literature when the government harasses authors. The Kremlin couldn't deny the novels of Solzhenitsyn to the world, or in any way leach their creator's inspiration; some critics have even suggested that persecution sharpens literary genius.

But there is plenty of evidence that the democratic prejudice makes spoiled priests of some artists, and severely hobbles many others. In *Democracy and the Novel*, Smith describes how the popular pressure of what George Santayana named the "genteel tradition" in American letters resisted the writings of greater men and retarded their work, which in the short run was to write the kind of novels they wanted to write and in the long run was inadvertently to transform the literary mode they had adopted. The novelists he has chosen to study are Nathaniel Hawthorne, Herman Melville, William Dean Howells, Mark Twain ("all modern American literature," Hemingway said, "comes from one book by Mark Twain called *Huckleberry Finn*"), and Henry James.

Murray Kempton, *a veteran journalist and essayist, currently writes a column on New York City for the* New York Post. . . . **Paul Lukacs** *is taking a degree in literature at Johns Hopkins.* . . . **Chilton Williamson Jr.**'*s book*, Saltbound, *will be published by Methuen next year.*

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Santayana identified the genteel tradition as the confluence of evangelical Christianity and Transcendentalism. As Smith notes, American culture in the nineteenth century, while supported by metaphysical realism, took a highly idealistic view of art in general and literature in particular. He thus sums up the genteel aesthetic:

> This universe is made up of objects having not only unchanging primary and secondary qualities, but in addition a fixed aesthetic and moral valence. No unconventional associations are to be tolerated in literature because they represent an actual or implied rebellion against the settled views of the community (and therefore the human race). Furthermore, the extra-mental universe of solid and stable objects is constructed and maintained according to natural laws that are fully comprehensible by the human mind, as are indeed the mental processes of human beings themselves. The purpose of art is to represent portions of this universe that are pleasing to the spectator or reader, in such a way as to convey a moral lesson.

Ultimately this aesthetic was vulgarized by popular understanding to the point where the human mind was thought to be capable of apprehending Truth through the simple contemplation of nature and without benefit of the imagination, so that, as Smith says, the Transcendental notion of the universe as "a metaphor of the human mind" rotted down into the delusion that truth is what we desire it to be; but even in its fresh state it allowed no freedom to writers like Hawthorne, who did not believe that literary truth concerns the outer universe but rather, as he put it, "the truth of the human heart." Hawthorne's aesthetic was based on a psychology, epistemology, and ontology wholly at odds with that of the majority culture: what the popular audiences of his day wanted from fiction was a reaffirmation of the vision of perfection, but Hawthorne offered them only the rootedness of guilt; so they bought *The Lamplighter* by Maria Cummins and gave *The Scarlet Letter* short shrift. The Cummins novel put familiar ground under their feet, while the Hawthorne suggested the impossibility of perceiving absolute truth, only pieces of which could be glimpsed, according to the position from which one faced toward it.

Originally, anyhow, the emphasis upon psychological penetration in fiction was meant less to challenge American piety than to deepen human insight in literature. Originally too it was more significant for the alterations that it rendered in novelistic technique than for the degree to which it reshaped the philosophy of the novelist: when morality was no longer imposed upon the characters from on high, the omniscient narrator was compelled to give order and shape to his moral universe by manipulating the points of view of his *dramatis personae*. A further literary development was the gradual attenuation of the genteel characters, who in the popular fiction of the period acted as the repositories of moral standards which low-life characters could not sully: it was then impermissible to use low-life folks as the moral center of a work of fiction, and it was left to Mark Twain, operating under cover of humor and the vernacular, to get away with it. In a series of adroit literary dissections, Smith demonstrates how Twain tried to accomplish the feat in *Huckleberry Finn* and how finally he was defeated in the attempt; how Howells tried to pull it off in *A Modern Instance*, only to have his efforts wrecked upon the *deus ex machina* that his guilty conscience replaced in the heavens to preside over the novel's closing chapters.

It appears from the perspective of the late twentieth century that a moral and philosophical sea-change in fiction accompanied the aesthetic and structural one, though whether the relationship was dialectical it is impossible to say. (In any event, it seems obvious that novelists made their choice many decades ago, and cannot easily return to the fork in order to follow the road not taken.) Certainly there is plenty of evidence to support the intuitive sense of the genteel critics that the way of Hawthorne, Melville, and Twain led ultimately to the despair, amoralism, alienation, and nihilism that characterize the modern novel: aesthetics, as Edmund Burke explained in a beautiful book, is a form of moral knowledge. Smith himself observes that "Julian Hawthorne was correct in maintaining that literary realism represented a spirit of agnosticism"; of James, who arrived at what he calls "a psychological conception of reality," he says that the novelist's assertion that "it is art that makes life" is strikingly like Robbe-Grillet's insistence that novelistic style "*constitutes* reality." When somebody called to James's attention a remark by James Froude that history proves the

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE APRIL TITLES: Representative Jack Kemp of New York has a book ready called *Taking Back America: The Tax Revolt and the Revitalization of the American Spirit* (Harper, $8.95). . . . Felix Morley, the distinguished founder of *Human Events*, will be publishing his autobiography, *For the Record* (Regnery/Gateway, $12.95).

The Nabokov-Wilson Letters 1940-1971 (Harper, $15), edited by Simon Karlinsky, contains 264 letters produced by a famous literary friendship. . . . David Cecil's *A Portrait of Jane Austen* (Farrar, $19.95) makes use of the novelist's letters and novels, and the recollections of acquaintances, to provide a picture with a little fresh dew on it. . . . There is also a new biography of the famous collector and art critic: *Bernard Berenson: The Making of a Connoisseur* (Harvard, $17.50) by Ernest Samuels. . . . Oh no: here's a book coming called *Empty Words* (Wesleyan University Press, $16), and it's by John Cage, the composer of sweet nothings.

■ MOST ORIGINAL: Nikolai V. Sivachev and Nikolai N. Yakovlev's *Russia and the United States* (Chicago, $12.95) is supposedly the first account written of Russo-American relations to carry the imprimatur of the Kremlin. Translated by Olga Adler Titelbaum. An Andy Young Book. Soon to be a major motion picture.

■ ROOT OF ALL EVIL DEPARTMENT: William Shawcross' *The Sideshow: Nixon, Kissinger, and the Destruction of Cambodia* (Simon & Schuster, $10.95) is described by its publisher as a book about "how power was handled in Nixon's White House." Shawcross and S&S are clearly the beneficiaries of a lavish promo campaign currently being staged in the mountains, plains, and jungles of the Far East.

■ THE PARFIT DISSENTER: The author of *History's Carnival: A Dissident's Autobiography* (Harcourt Brace, $14.95), Leonid Plyushch, underwent a thrilling transformation from Slavic chauvinist and antisemite to social democrat, free-thinker, yoga freak, telepathist, hypnotist, biocybernetician, and enthusiastic reader of the works of Camus, Beckett, and Freud.

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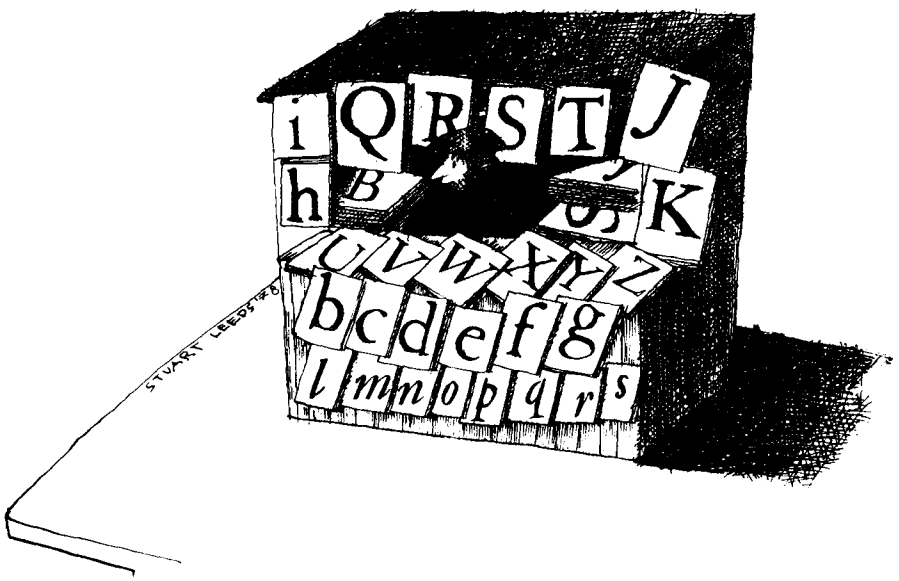
world to rest on a moral foundation, he retorted, "If there is one thing that history does not teach . . . it is just this very lesson. What strikes an attentive student of the past is the indifference of events to man's moral worth or worthlessness."

BUT AS THE novel has grown increasingly unrestrained emotionally, philosophically, and aesthetically—as it has more and more sequestered itself in the chambers of private art, where a man's perversions are his own dark and delicious business—journalism, that other popular and distinctive mode of American literature, has become progressively more respectable through assimilation into the ranks of modern-day professionalism. Journalism, which in the early days of the nineteenth century was a species of enterprise scarcely distinguishable from a dogfight or a West Florida lynching, is now—ostensibly—as restrained, responsible, and homogenized, and consequently as dull, as the proceedings of a meeting of the League of Women Voters. Michael Shudson, in his book *Discovering the News*, tries to account for the ensconcing of "objectivity" at the head of the canon of modern journalism, a development which once perplexed him: objectivity as he observes, is, after all, "a peculiar demand to make of institutions which often, by tradition or explicit creed, are political organs. It is a peculiar demand to make of editors and reporters who have none of the professional apparatus which, for doctors or lawyers or scientists, is supposed to guarantee objectivity."

Shudson argues that journalists' attention to "the news" in its modern sense dates to the 1840s, '50s, and '60s when newspapers were evolving from political organs to penny press, printing stories about events instead of relying chiefly upon commentary by partisan editors and transcriptions of political speeches. This concept of the news was a flower of the modern urb, in which it flourished. In the late 1800s the intellectual passion for "realism" produced an exaggerated faith in "the facts," in accordance with the positivist belief that events were possessed of a scientific validity, perceptible by the objective human intelligence. It was an era, as Theodore Dreiser said, of mushy editorialists and hard-boiled reporters, although certainly the reporters were mushier than they knew: Shudson perceptively characterizes the Progressives as people who wanted to embrace Science without quite knowing how to. But in the wake of World War I the disillusionments of a society riddled by the doctrines of Freud, the sociology of knowledge, and modern psychology undermined confidence in the existence of any kind of ascertainable fact, which was now thought to be apprehended through the distorting impulses of class consciousness, false consciousness, neurosis, and intellectual preconception.

It was under these bleak circumstances that the cult of objectivity arose—objectivity being described by Shudson as "an ideology of the distrust of the self." Thus objectivity became the touchstone of good journalism just as everybody was concluding dismally that it could not possibly be realized. Interpretive journalism—which featured the "in-depth" story and the signed political column—flourished under the sign of an ideal. As fiction writing grew more abandoned, more insistent about pursuing to its logical conclusion the metaphysical doubts it fostered, journalism made the leap of faith by embracing the philosophy of "as if"—by holding, as Scott Fitzgerald said one ought, two opposed ideas in mind at the same time.



IN 1828, W. H. Mackinnon described public opinion as "that sentiment on any given subject which is entertained by the best informed, most intelligent, and most moral persons in the community, which is gradually spread and adopted by nearly all persons of any education or proper feeling in a civilized state." By the turn of the century, however, owing to the expansion of the suffrage and the spread of industrial democracy, public opinion was a good deal more than the consensus of an elite—whereupon that elite began to reconsider its attitude toward it. As Shudson says, when political society grew to embrace other persons than native white males, theories of human nature changed dramatically. The new public consisted of people whom the upper class had always thought of as passional; and rather than credit them with rationality, the managerial class set to work to reconceive human nature in general. This meant that journalism—an "uninsulated profession," in Shudson's phrase—was not merely a vehicle for the expression of accepted opinion, it was an agent for shaping and controlling it. This development conferred upon the journalist a special kind of responsibility altogether foreign to the modern art novelist, whose works "the people" are no more likely to read than they are to populate.

It is probably inevitable that a society to which mass communications are crucial should regard them as primarily a means of mass control, and that high art should lapse into degeneracy. In 1921, Melville Stone of the *Chicago Morning News* and *Daily News* listed informing, interpreting, and entertaining as the three principal "functions"

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of a newspaper: today, he would almost certainly have said "duties." We so often hear nowadays that the press was mandated by the Constitution as the fourth branch of government that it comes easily to us to assume that the Founding Fathers also stipulated that it was to be an objective institution devoted to fulfilling the citizens' "right to know." Behind the new solemnity of the press lies a much-inflated sense of self-importance, discernible even in the writings of the youngish Walter Lippmann, who liked to talk about "how profoundly dependent the modern world is upon its news, the frailty of human nature," et cetera. "The present crisis of Western democracy," he thought, "is a crisis in journalism." How, he wondered, could democracy survive if "the manufacture of consent is an unregulated private enterprise"?

It is an observable social fact that the people who urge government regulation of TV and the press in the interests of extirpating sexism, racism, ageism, commercialism, violence, and religiosity are the same people who deplore the suppression of obscene novels and the off-Broadway theater. They are the people who look away in embarrassment when John Gardner says that "moral art and moral criticism are necessary and, in a democracy, essential" and demand to be told how you can tell what is moral in the *salon*, then pass on stridently to declare what is moral in the coliseum. Art, to these people, is of the private sector, while journalism belongs to socialism. It begins to look as though the wages of even the most generalized and watered-down sort of nihilism are increased personal indulgence and intensified public stringency.

In his book —*And I Worked at the Writer's Trade*, a collection of previously published essays, Malcolm Cowley begins:

> What has most impressed me over the years is the change in ideals of life and letters, and of the language itself, produced by the ideals of each age group. Is there a pattern to be discerned in these changes, a sort of inner logic, or are they purely the result of external circumstances? . . . Why have some of these writers of talent been persistently neglected? Might it be partly the result of their refusing to be celebrities? What is the effect on an author's work of the image he constructs of himself and presents to the public? What are the institutions that advance or impede his work?

As Mr. Cowley's pregnant questions have a hard time sustaining themselves in his book as themes, let alone resolving themselves into answers, I am not feeling very charitable toward him right now. He was not the slightest help in writing a tiring review. □

Ernest Hemingway and His World
By Anthony Burgess
Scribner's, 128 pp., $10.95

A FICTIONAL SELF

PAUL LUKACS

Like Lord Byron a century before, Ernest Hemingway became a legend in his own time. He was a big man, and what he did (or claimed to have done), he did in a big way. He stood with his big beard and big gun, having written yet another big book, and the pose somehow struck a chord in the American consciousness. Being as big as legend, however, had its price especially since the legend was based largely on invention and exaggeration. As a writer, Hemingway became unwilling to take necessary risks. Much the same was true of his personal life. Forever on stage, Hemingway was an actor who played but one part. Being big thus entailed playing it safe, but playing it safe was a form of betrayal. The bearded Papa, his stomach hanging over his belt, was a parody of the handsome young man who wrote such original and brilliant works as *In Our Time* and *The Sun Also Rises*.

Our picture of Hemingway is filled with paradoxes. It is clear that he wore a mask, but it is difficult to know what was beneath it. Anthony Burgess' *Ernest Hemingway and His World* is trying to be an attractive (there are over a hundred photographs) summary of Hemingway's life. Yet there is more to writing a biography, even one as short as this, than merely mixing facts and anecdotes with occasional off-hand interpretations. Burgess' central theme is that "Hemingway the man was as much a creation as his books, and a far inferior creation."

While this is an interesting thesis, Burgess never argues it. Even the crudest of amateur psychologists could make better sense of Hemingway's self-creation. I say psychologists because Burgess himself plays this role, his fundamental critical assumption being that a writer's work can be explained and understood through a knowledge of his life. This can be a valuable assumption, especially with a writer whose work is as autobiographical as Hemingway's. But instead of exploring the relationship between Hemingway's life and the lives of his characters, Burgess draws preposterous one-sentence conclusions, claiming, for example, that Hemingway's "obsession with death and killing" in *Death in the Afternoon* (which is, after all, about bullfighting) stems from guilt over his recent divorce.

Although he claims to want to separate man from myth, Burgess treats Hemingway's life unevenly, paying far more attention to the mature celebrity than to either the adolescent from Oak Park or the struggling writer in Paris. Hemingway's childhood and adolescence receive only eight and a half pages of print, and *In Our Time*, the collection of stories which came out of his experiences in the Michigan woods, and which Philip Young calls "as germinal a book for Hemingway as ever a book was for a writer," gets five sentences.

I suppose one reason for this is that we know more about the Papa of *Life* and *Esquire* than about the shy young Hemingway who was immortalized under the thin disguise of Nick Adams. Burgess' account is nonetheless misleading, for the roots of Hemingway's self-creation go back to those early years, and it is too easy to claim that he created a fictional self only after he became famous. Furthermore, Burgess' account here is not only misleading, it is inaccurate. For the most part these inaccuracies are minor (Hemingway had, for example, encountered human death before he went to Italy in 1918), but they give evidence of sloppy research, especially since many of the mistakes are obvious.

Burgess virtually ignores Hemingway's literary achievements, devoting almost as much of this book to the movies made from Hemingway's fiction as to the fiction itself. His only real discussion of Hemingway's style comes in the middle of a passage about Hemingway's

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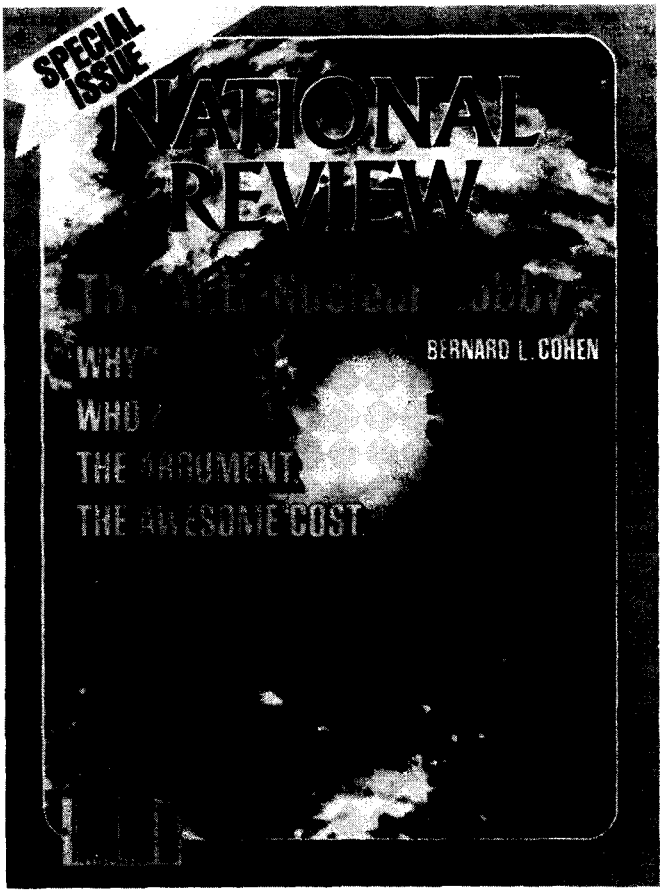

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habit of boxing with his friends. This boxing, says Burgess, was "an outward expression of the big inner fight that was going on . . . a struggle to write a 'true simple declarative sentence.'" This kind of comment is both misleading and presumptuous. It is possible, after all, that Hemingway simply liked to box; but, more significantly, the inner struggle he waged throughout his life had to do not so much with writing as with coming to terms with his own inadequacies. How long has it been since Burgess has read "The Snows of Kilimanjaro"—where Harry, the dying writer, thinks of how "he had destroyed his talent by not using it, by betrayals of himself and what he believed in"?

Because he cannot, despite his claims to the contrary, distinguish the man from the legend, Burgess does not see that Hemingway's fiction reveals a side of the man that the legend obscures. This legend was partly of Hemingway's own making, and his creation of a living yet fictional self is a fascinating story. Burgess, however, because he is content merely to sketch the legend's growth and eventual self-destruction, does not tell it. There was a complex man beneath the mask. This sketch is so vague that it not only distorts but ignores that man. □

Kicking the Leaves
By Donald Hall
Harper & Row, 61 pp., $8.95

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELEGIES

GUY DAVENPORT

Some poets eat; some do not. Homer ate (the plot of the *Odyssey* pivots on Odysseus' refusing deifying ambrosia nectar at the table of the jerkwater nymph Calypso, dismissing immortality for his Penelope's home cooking; hence Joyce's introduction of his plebeian Odysseus with: "Mr. Leopold Bloom ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls"), but not so much as an antipasto gets passed around in all of Dante. Chaucer ate (chicknes boilled in ther marybones, topped off by a blankmanger, pop up quite soon in *The Canterbury Tales*); Walter Savage Landor ate (rhyming "venison" with "Tennyson"). Who can imagine an ode to a pot roast by Matthew Arnold?

Alkman sang the roasted chickpea; Sappho, celery; but where in Poe will you find a plate of grits and gravy? A theory lurks somewhere hereabouts: something to do with candor, feet on the ground, geniality.

The first of Donald Hall's poems in his new collection is a meditation on roast pig; the second celebrates cheeses; the third is about eating a wolf; the fourth begins, "After the many courses, hot bowls of rice, / plates of pork, cabbage, ducks, and peapods . . ." The fifth is titled "Maple Syrup."

And yet all the poems in *Kicking the Leaves* are about death, not food. Their persistent elegiac tone rises first of all from that roast pig, who—apple in mouth—in its anatomical wholeness touches the poet's sense of pity and starts him thinking about ancient modes of cooking when stoves were altars, slaughter was sacrifice, and ceremony attended both the death and the ingestion of animals. In primitive cultures there is a pact between hunter and hunted, sealed with an oath. Artemis, goddess of the hunt, was also the goddess of mercy. Eating in its archaic moment was religion (magic, if you will). To eat tiger was to appropriate ferociousness.

As with Odysseus, food means home. The real cradle of our souls is the family table. If Heaven intends to reward me with bliss, it will have to serve me blackberry cobbler, nickel shrimp sauteed in butter, country ham, and buttermilk. Food takes Donald Hall's heart back to his family's rhythms of seasons and deaths, back to his memories of his great-grandfather's farm in New Hampshire which is now his own.

So rich a theme has generated poems about roses, horses, oxcarts, black-faced sheep. Hall writes with clarity and honesty, enlisting none of the usual strategies of poetry such as rhyme, meter, or a heightened diction. His words are plain and right, and his manner is casual and alert. At the center of the book is the poem about kicking leaves while walking home from a football game with his wife and children—a meditative, childish, idle thing to do. He stirs memories along with the leaves; the autumnal tone of the day deepens the elegiac music of his lines. He treads leaves, knee-deep in death, and foresees his own death with a kind of acceptance, "the pleasure, the only long pleasure, of taking a place in the story of leaves."

THESE POEMS are a celebration, as he makes clear, of the poet's middle age. They are a stock-taking, a sifting of values. The raw and unsettling evocations of death by violence (of wolves, pigs, people) are, it would seem, deliberate encounters with reality to be faced with a naked mind, without religion or philosophy. And, it must be added, without sentimentality or romantic coloring.

The taste these poems leave in the mind is the bitterness of life's brevity, the disgust we hide from ourselves at having to slaughter to live. Against the goodness of being alive runs the harshness of the bargains by which we live: the toil and death of other creatures both animal and human. This is a bleak way of looking at things. It is, in part, the way these poems look at the world. Such honesty has its reward. There are lights other than the worst to see things in, and, having insisted on the shadows, Hall feels free to exult in brightnesses.

Pity is an ambiguous emotion, part fear and part solicitude. Hall has purged fear from his pity (a purging that may be the theme that brings these poems into a unity), giving a kind of awe to his solicitude for the fragility and uncertainty of life.

One of the most moving poems in this book is an elegy to old farm horses whose lives are ended with a shotgun. The last line is a masterly roll of their names: "O Roger, Mackerel, Riley, Ned, Nellie, Chester, Lady Ghost." □

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THOUGHTS ASTRAY

DICTION OF A JUST MAN

MURRAY KEMPTON

Great literature seems somehow bottomed on the artist's sense of his own moral unworthiness. How otherwise are we to explain why the novels that most lastingly claim us are not about what the novelist is but about what he most painfully feels he has failed to be?

Proust had an investor's share in a male brothel in wartime Paris; and naturally he transferred both the sin and its proprietorship to Charlus. Tietjens is the stoic incarnate, while Ford Madox Ford's comrades in arms remembered him as often whining and sometimes cowering. In time we outgrow Stephen Dedalus because he is so much like Joyce as he was: yet Bloom is eternally our contemporary because he is so much like Joyce as he wished he was. We ought to suppose that not Circumspection but Shame dictates these disguises.

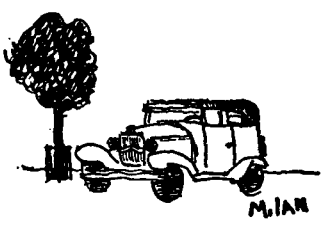
The *Diaries* of Evelyn Waugh are stocked with the discrepancy between what the man cannot resist doing and what the novelist will permit his hero to do. In *A Handful of Dust*, Tony Last is betrayed by his wife and suffers himself to be named in the divorce action as her betrayer. In life Evelyn Waugh was betrayed by Evelyn Gardner Waugh and vengefully and publicly divorced her for adultery.

The *Diaries* form a narrative with a peculiarly affecting power to repel our liking and yet ultimately to compel our loving the teller. The first impulse—the unliking one—is to rejoice at having caught Waugh out: he has honored in Tony Last the chivalry that he himself dishonored. We can assume that Waugh would agree that Tony Last is his better; he was purgatorial by nature and insistent about being caught out. And yet, is the issue altogether that simple? Might we not wonder if honorable conduct is not made easier by want of feeling? The numb heart is a more responsible governor than the wounded one.

Guy Crouchback and Tony Last seem closer to what Waugh wanted to be than anyone else in his works. One is the most idealized and the other the most sympathetic of his heroes; and both are distinguished for being unable to be angry, while Waugh moved through life unable not to be. Those of us who suffer from it less ought not to be as certain as Waugh that anger is that absolutely a vice.

He is more mysterious than most of our great novelists because their disguises so often cover their sins, while his mask his virtues. He seems almost to have preferred his conversion to Romanism to be assigned to an ambition to be identified with the recusant aristocracy; to have it thought otherwise would have betrayed the desperation of his hunt for grace and forgiveness. ("I am wrestling with Father D'Arcy on love . . . a subject on which I am grossly ignorant.") He was, in fact, wildly romantic and so hopelessly sentimental that he had a lifelong vulnerability to the appeal of the higher pathos. He felt cheated when he traveled to the Birmingham Museum and found Holman Hunt's *The Last of England* missing because it was away on loan; the single respectful memory he brought back from Hollywood was of meeting Charlie Chaplin and Walt Disney, "the two artists of the place."

ONLY AN excessive need for objects to love and worship can explain his scorn for the inadequacies of the available objects. He is never more the hanging judge of other men than when he writes about the Archbishop of Westminster, the tallest tree in his acquaintanceship with the forest of the apostolic succession. Waugh died widely and tediously mocked as one who dearly loved a lord; and yet he managed to quarrel with pretty much every lord he knew. It seems curious that he could find "an impressive flavor of the major prophet" in the poetry of T. S. Eliot until we reflect that lines like "Between the idea / And the reality / . . . Falls the Shadow"—as banal as they are beautiful to the sensibly resigned—must have seemed, to a sensibility as irreconcilable as Waugh's, to be a revelation of his own continuous hurt. He made himself unlikable for being unable to imagine himself lovable.



There are no more unattractive pages in his journal than those where he is working at a wintry disdain for his children; and he could hardly have gone at it in such earnest if he were not arming himself for the time to come, when they too would reject him. And yet one doubts that they did; children are awfully keen at penetrating disguises and extending their hearts to the childlike in their fellow creatures.

The war at once revealed the best in Waugh and illuminated its uselessness for the coarse work at hand. There is one moment of high heroism during the rout in Crete, when Waugh is looking for transport for the rag, tag, and bobtail of his troops, and the officer he asks to help him returns a curt refusal.

> I said, "You mustn't let your nerves affect your manners."
>
> He grew combative and asked, "What exactly do you mean by that?"
>
> I told him exactly. "You may be very frightened, but you must try to be polite."

He could keep his head when all about him were losing theirs; and just as uniquely he would lose his head when all about him were in circumstances comfortable enough to provide no occasion for not keeping theirs. His appreciation of the subordinate's role is defined by one entry: "Sharp and triumphant row with Shimi on a matter of maps." Shimi was Lord Lovat, his commanding officer, who in due course extorted his resignation from the Special Service Brigade—a commando-like force—and left him shipwrecked to drift among "the scourings of the Army," with only two options for service: "You can be a welfare officer in a transit camp in India" or "You can be assistant registrar in a hospital." Purgatorial he always was; penitential he could never be.

"I am," he reflects, "so unpopular as to be unemployable."

When he was in the Royal Marines, he demanded command of a company; and his brigadier described his peculiar disqualification for the employments of war by explaining that "I was only suitable to command one in battle." He was a fit comrade only for danger, where he would have been a glorious one.

He seems to have found no special merit in that quality; the only numb

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portion of his constitution was in the *part that supplies fear*; he was so incapable of being afraid that he could not conceive how anyone else could be. Until they could no longer endure his company, he had served almost entirely with gentlemen; and his ultimate loss of illusion was the discovery that gentlemen could be cowards.

He finally wangled his way into some approximation of honorable service by persuading Randolph Churchill to take him along as an aide to the British Military Mission to Yugoslavia. Getting rid of Waugh and Randolph Churchill appears to have been a prime urgency of the British war effort, and Yugoslavia was the most distant and isolated point available for their export. There was, of course, a deal of mischief there, but it was a mischief whose opportunities were the monopoly of the Partisans; fitter liaison officers could not arrest and even Randolph Churchill could not hasten it.

His and Waugh's efforts were feckless and their occupations idle. Waugh came very soon to hate Churchill:

". . . he is simply a flabby bully who rejoices in blustering and shouting down anyone weaker than himself and starts squealing as soon as he meets anyone as strong."

(And yet) "the conclusion is always the same—that no one else would have chosen me, nor would anyone else have accepted him. We are both at the end of our tether so far as war work is concerned and must make what we can of it."

For all his care to distract us with the disguise of his spite, Evelyn Waugh could never quite manage to conceal from us the fact that he was a just and indeed a loving man.

When Yeats died imagining himself a fascist, W. H. Auden wrote of him while not having yet quite left off imagining himself a Communist:

> . . . there is one field in which the poet is a man of action, the field of language, and it is precisely in this that the greatness of the deceased is most obviously shown. However false or undemocratic his ideas, his diction shows a continuous evolution toward what we might call the true democratic style. The social virtues of a real democracy are brotherhood and intelligence, and the parallel linguistic virtues are strength and clarity, virtues which appear ever more clearly through successive volumes by the deceased.
>
> The diction of *The Winding Stair* is the diction of a just man, and it is for this reason that just men will always recognize the author as a master.

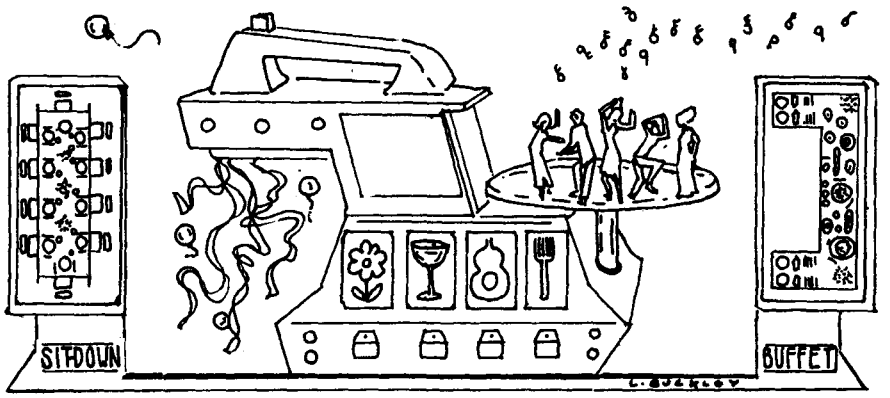
And that is why, for all the persistence of his attempt to estrange us, Evelyn Waugh ends up endearing himself to us. How sad it is, however, to think how hard his habit of mistaking his virtues for vices made it for him to endear himself to himself. □

DELECTATIONS

THE PARTY MACHINE

NIKA HAZELTON

If you want to give a party, for fifteen hundred people, or fifty, or two, practically anywhere except underwater (and I expect this too could be arranged), you needn't do the cooking yourself, or find a caterer and the proper surroundings, or fuss with invitations, flowers, favors, wines and liquors, and limousines for the guests. You just hire yourself a party broker, discuss what you want done, and sit back until it is time to show up as a guest at your own party. The morning after, of course, you pay the bills—from the caterers, florists, and so on. The party broker then gets paid by them for his/her services—just as travel agents get paid, not by you, but by the airlines and hotels they book you with.



Americans have always been fond of parties, and never more so than in the Seventies. The Yellow Pages of the New York telephone book list several hundred caterers—the list takes up seven pages—as well as a number of party consultants and brokers. I went to interview one, a lady who has never advertised, does not need to, and would not do so under any circumstances. Her name is Lore Moser and she is a very pretty blonde woman with quiet winning ways, and enormously successful in her profession. Among the parties she arranged last year were Exxon's dinner at the Guggenheim for young American sculptors, a silver anniversary party for Hugh Hefner's *Playboy*, *Life* magazine's cocktail party for 525 celebrants of Alfred Eisenstaedt's eightieth birthday, the Metropolitan Opera's National Council dinner, Mobil Oil's reception for the *Edward the King* TV series, 28 Christmas parties (for ABC, Citibank, Price Waterhouse, Columbia Records, and so forth; the guest lists ranged from 22 GM executives to 722 Wall Street brokers), and 19 weddings. These parties took place on yachts, in discos, in private clubs, in townhouses, in SoHo lofts, and even in private homes.

Mrs. Moser, who is a graduate of Cornell's Hotel Administration School, and who was for many years banquet and catering manager at Tavern on the Green, told me that in the last five or six years there has been a change in party styles. It is not too common now to give the traditional sit-down dinner, or the dance where the orchestra leader indeed *leads* the proceedings with his announcements and his choice of music. Today people want buffets, although, whenever possible, they want to eat sitting down, at tables of their own choice, with their own friends. Obviously, there are no place cards at these affairs, whereas formerly a sit-down dinner without place cards would have been unimaginable. Instead of a large

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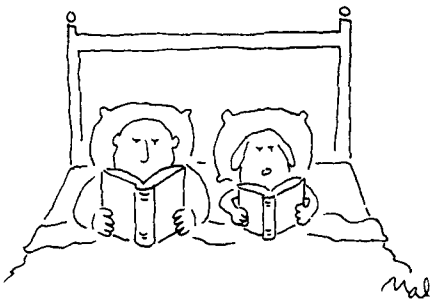
and, small groups of musicians, strategically placed, make music without taking the spotlight off the guests. Even the flowers have gone informal; they are clustered loosely rather than in stiff arrangements.

At the moment, the most sought-after environment for a party, be it to introduce a new product, fête an executive, or kick off a new show, is the disco. "People want sound," Mrs. Moser explained. Indeed, I myself have gone to a disco party which introduced, of all things, new ways of fixing Campbell soups. An exception to this trend was the very formal buffet for six hundred at the Lincoln Center library when Mobil Oil introduced *Edward the King* in true Edwardian style. Under chandeliers and amidst thousands of roses, at tables draped with apricot-colored cloths festooned with gauze, the guests feasted on oysters, smoked salmon, pâtés en croûte and en terrine, chicken curry, sliced filet on rolls, roast suckling pig, trifles, tarts, puddings, and fruit.

But corporations with expense accounts are not the only party-givers. Any number of women call Mrs. Moser with the words: "I want to have a party for my husband," to celebrate his birthday, promotion, retirement, what not. Mrs. Moser claims that she can guess the caller's age from the voice, and that she has never proven to be wrong. Sad to report, after the husbands have enjoyed themselves in a SoHo loft equipped with a portable disco, or at a "This Is Your Life" party in an elegant townhouse, it never seems to occur to them to fête their wives in the same manner. (It seemed odd to me, incidentally, that people will rent out their homes for other people's parties, but they do, sometimes for the money, sometimes in order to wangle an invitation.)

Apart from saving you the wear and tear of getting an important party on its feet, a party broker will also spare you disappointments. The broker knows what's feasible and how much it will really cost, and the recommended caterers and restaurants are eager to retain the broker's good will. And the same goes for providers of wine and spirits, for florists, and for the clever hands that write out invitations in the calligraphy that is now so fashionable. The cost? Hard to say in the abstract,



but Mrs. Moser thought that a nice but not flashy dinner (buffet or sit-down) in a respectable restaurant might be around $30 to $40 per person. A modest cocktail party with hot and cold canapés, not counting liquor and help, would run around $8 per person for groups between fifty and a hundred, and a little less for larger groups. But obviously the sky is the limit.

As I left her, Mrs. Moser was trying to figure out how to get sixty limousinesful of guests to Windows on the World, the sky-high restaurant in World Trade Center One, for dinner, and then have them picked up and transported back uptown in time for the theater. □

The GIMLET EYE

THE JOCKS—II

D. KEITH MANO

I have to interview Stevie Cauthen tomorrow. I'm not enthusiastic about that. Cauthen isn't enthusiastic either. Heck, what do you ask a man/boy who has had more coverage than fifty gallons of paint on one ten-by-ten garage wall? I was very respectful this afternoon. I tugged my forelock; I apologized for my existence on earth; I asked if he could spare me some time.

"Fifteen minutes."

"Oh," I say. "Yes." In-depth, this won't be. "When?"

"Eight o'clock."

"Tonight?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"Oh. Sure."

Oh, sure: at 8 A.M., after a hundred-minute commute to Belmont, I'm lucky if I don't come in wearing different pants legs. With racing people the easy smile is half shy, half self-mocking. And his eyes have a peculiar, wept-out puffiness: imagine your 13-year-old after three hours in a chlorinated pool, that's the Stevie Cauthen look. But Cauthen has changed. The colt playfulness that I've seen day in, day out, is gone. Otter pup has turned wolverine: feral suspicion there. His face will close like a tiger lily at dusk. Not that I blame him. The press is a bore: it bores in on him, relentlessly. But we try.

Cauthen's voice is odd: grating, almost electronic: it comes with its own surface noise. A card deck will shuffle in his hands throughout: as if to say —politely—shut-up-and-deal. I've never felt quite so exquisitely discomforted. I ask the predictable question: about weight.

"I saw you with Shoemaker yesterday. I know your grandfather was over six feet tall. For a jock you do seem rather big."

"Do I?" The wired voice is sardonic. So much for that question. But Cauthen relents: we both get through it. Out of mere professional courtesy, I think. "No one knows anything about growth, to start with. Two midgets get married and they have a six-foot son. Other people are large and they have small kids. I don't have a weight problem now [he weighs 99 lbs.], I enjoy what I'm doing, and I'll do it as long as I can." This was before Cauthen went 0 for 100-plus races in California this winter: somewhat less enjoyable, that.

We talk about religion (he's Catholic, as his mother is, and attends when he can). About social life (normal: not much time). About his fine memory: for horses, for cards. About trainers. Then I ask Cauthen about the political scene: why, I think, am I asking an 18-year-old about politics? I don't listen to Eric Sevareid when he tells me about politics. Well, an 18-year-old can vote, can't he? Cauthen agrees.

"Yeah, I should start thinking about it, but my time is very limited. I can see a lot of things that don't seem right to me, but—" Like what? "Like welfare. I really don't like welfare. They have to do something about it, but *what*, is the question." What indeed? Eric Sevareid doesn't do much better with that one. I turn to jealousy, the other jocks.

"I guess there probably is some. But I try to get along with everybody. And I think everybody likes me because

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of it. I mind my own business. I ride."

He's right: no one has a lousy or spiteful word to say about Cauthen: on/off the record. Not even Jorge Velasquez: and Velasquez might have proper cause. 1) He rode Alydar against Cauthen's Affirmed in the Triple Crown —and came up with a triple loss by necks and noses. 2) Velasquez is the best jock at Belmont: possibly in America. I reckon Jorge could mount a Doberman pinscher and not finish dead last. At 31 he has copped close to 3,500 races (total purse: over $36 million). Yet, admit it, until this moment you thought Velasquez was the capital of Honduras or someplace. Jorge is Panamanian and brown and, well, not likely to take a popcorn-popper endorsement away from Joe Namath. Still, let Jorge describe last Father's Day: it's pretty much typical.

"Two days ago I was eating just lettuce and tomatoes. To do real light on this horse—to get down to 110 pounds. Officially I do 114 pounds. But this horse was in a stakes race, he was running against this very good horse, Cox's Ridge. So I want to do the weight on my horse. First of all my agent calls up at 5:30. At 6 o'clock I'm on the track working some horses. I go back home. The kids give me some presents, which was nice, but I was exhausted. I changed clothes and came back to the jocks' room. I went to the steam room to reduce and I took off four pounds.

"By this time I'm very weak. I was reducing until about a quarter to 12. By the first race, steam was still coming out of my ears and my hands were wrinkled. I was very dizzy. But I had to go out like that. I rode my first horse and came in second. I won two races before the stake, and I was lucky enough to win the stake. At least I didn't reduce for nothing. After the stakes race I came back and laid down on the bench there—so thirsty, so weak, so sleepy, so hungry—everything. And still I had to go back out and ride the ninth race."

Do jocks fool around? Sure: backstretch gossip is full of it. Figure: you may earn $150,000 or $200,000 a year if—italicized *if*—you're in the top five at Belmont. But that's with six 12-hour workdays per week: no vacation worth mentioning. Besides: $150,000 or $200,000 and you can't even *eat*. What's left? Your swanky car, the expensive size-SMALL clothes, a new dining-room set for Mrs. Jock. And catch-as-catch-can sex with an exercise girl. It's one way to reduce: beats the steam room by a furlong. But it has to be catburgled, hidden. A jock must depend on what he can whip home tomorrow. No trainer would ride someone who had been seen at New York, New York or Studio 54 until 3 A.M. the night before. And there are so many ways to die: a horse could rise up in the gate and crush your head. Or a Steve Cauthen could take your mounts away. It's a mean, unforgiving line of work. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

VIEW OF DAWN IN THE TROPICS, *by G. Cabrera Infante, translated by Suzanne Jill Levine (Harper, 145 pp., $8.95).* This is a history of Cuba in sketches that draw upon fact but read like fiction. The sketches run at longest three pages; the shortest is 15 words. Characters—many of them historical personages—have no names. Scenes are set in the mountains, in the city, on the highway, without further identification. They are placed in time only by their references to engravings as opposed to photographs, and by the appearance of machine-guns. The past is a mystery, Cabrera Infante contends; it comes clear not through analysis but through imagination. Thus he has cast his imagination back to the moment Cuba rose from the sea. From the very first it reminds him of bloodshed: Cuba is like "a long green wound." Violence is the heart of the Cuban past: "In what other country of the world is there a province named Matanzas, meaning 'Slaughter'?" No other; for in no other country has killing been so indiscriminate. The sketches in *View of Dawn* are almost exclusively portrayals of senseless death. Conquistadores turn a feast into a massacre because, receiving a friendly reception from the Indians, they "thought that so much courtesy was intended to kill them for sure." A young man running along a rooftop is shot by a soldier. From the days of the Spaniards through Castro the bloodshed has not ceased. But Cabrera Infante never descends into rationalization. For him it is enough that people have died. In drumming the theme of incessant violence, however, Cabrera Infante communicates more than outrage. He is mortified by what he has found in the histories and in the latest news (he left Cuba in 1965 and lives now in London). But he is also bored by the inability of his countrymen to break free of the urge to slaughter. His country's history can be narrowed, as he shows in *View of Dawn*, to a single theme. He has no hope that the Cubans will turn around. One can only smile ironically, he says, and admire the island itself, "surviving all disasters, eternally washed by the Gulf Stream: beautiful and green, undying, eternal."

PAUL T. HORNAK

THE DIARY OF VIRGINIA WOOLF, VOLUME II, *edited by Anne Olivier Bell (Harcourt Brace, 371 pp., $12.95).* You don't have to like Virginia Woolf's novels to enjoy her diaries. There's an essential honesty and incision about the diaries which sets them above pieces of refined silliness and anemic decadence like *Orlando*. In her diaries, Mrs. Woolf describes an interesting life and social circle with the judgment and élan of an inspired restaurant critic writing about interesting cuisine. And—what is much more unusual—she turns the same critical gift unsparingly, but not hatefully, on herself. The result is a number of passages as beautifully written as anything in her fiction, but with an added ring of truth. Virginia Woolf was a snob; unlike most snobs, she knew it and accepted it as a part of her nature, neither a vice nor a virtue—merely the social equivalent of an overdeveloped sense of smell. Yet she could see poetry in simple, almost sordid scenes, as witness the following 1920 entry in her diary: "A bright night; with a fresh breeze. An old beggar woman, blind, sat against a stone wall in Kingsway holding a brown mongrel in her arms & sang aloud. There was a recklessness about her; much in the spirit of London. Defiant—almost gay, clasping her dog as if for warmth. How many Junes has she sat there, in the heart of London? How she came to be there, what scenes she can go through, I can't imagine. O damn it all, I say, why can't I know all that too? Perhaps it was the song at night that seemed strange; she was singing shrilly, but for her own amusement,

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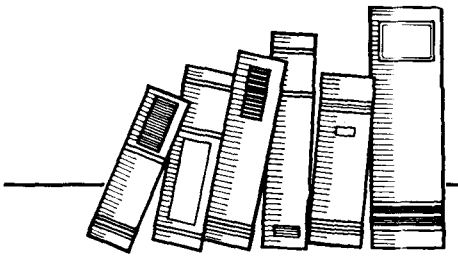

Dark Horses

ANYONE WHO HAS much experience of politics should be familiar with the Law of Inverse Ratio—the rule of thumb that says the people who get the most publicity for their alleged service to the public turn out, on close inspection, to do the least.

There could be no better illustration of this perverse principle than the case of "consumerism," along with its alleged prophet, Ralph Nader. The Nader conception of helping the consumer involves intensive regulation of American business by government, supposedly to protect the average dull-witted person from the connivings of unscrupulous corporations. As Professor Benjamin A. Rogge demonstrates in *Can Capitalism Survive?* (Liberty Press, 7440 North Shadeland, Indianapolis, Ind. 46250; $9), nothing could be further from authentic service to consumers.

Rogge shows that the typical form of government intervention in the marketplace, beyond the basic order-keeping functions, involves some effort to protect a *producing* interest from competition—be it through licensure or other forms of restricted entry, efforts to hold prices above their market level, or subsidies to inefficient competitors. All such actions, Rogge observes, involve disservice to the consumer, as they lock up resources in activities that are less efficient than alternative uses. This is true, he shows, even of those forms of intervention that aren't intended to help the inefficient, since the effect of nearly every form of regulation is to close off options, add to costs consumers have to pay, and distort the pricing mechanism that ensures productive allocation of resources. Rogge makes the point in discussions of profits, labor relations, minimum wages, wage and price controls, antitrust laws, and a number of related subjects.

Professor Rogge is best known as a teacher, and this volume shows his pedagogical skills to good advantage—it is a well-reasoned, gracefully written, and gently humorous series of essays. The book is also marked by a pervasive emphasis on the moral dimensions of economic issues—the fact that the market system is ultimately desirable, not because it is efficient (although it is), but because it is the only form of social organization compatible with the claims of human freedom.

Puncturing the conventional myths of consumerism from another direction is Robert Hessen's *In Defense of the Corporation* (Hoover Institution Press, Stanford, Calif. 94305; $7.95). Hessen takes on the Naderite arguments against the corporation and demands for punitive federal regulation, and shows them to be devoid of merit. In particular, he demolishes the widespread notion that a corporation is a "creature of the state," endowed by law with special privileges and powers, and hence legitimately subject to official interference.

IN FACT, Hessen demonstrates, a corporation is a purely voluntary arrangement in which people get together to pursue their economic purposes, and is in no sense a coercive institution. The fact that the law requires them to file papers with the state to achieve this end doesn't make the corporation an official "creature"—an archaic formula carried over from the era of chartered monopolies in England. Even the practice of limited liability for shareholders confers nothing on the corporation that its creditors aren't willing to grant it voluntarily.

In the course of this discussion, Hessen picks Nader up by the intellectual heels and mops the floor with him. The author argues not only that Naderite ideas of federal chartering, divestiture, and other attacks on corporations are based on fallacious economic reasoning, but that the historical and legal arguments advanced by Nader are based on shoddy scholarship, including inaccurate references, bogus footnotes, and other solecisms. This section alone is worth the price of admission—a case in which the consumer is definitely guaranteed to get his money's worth.

—M. STANTON EVANS

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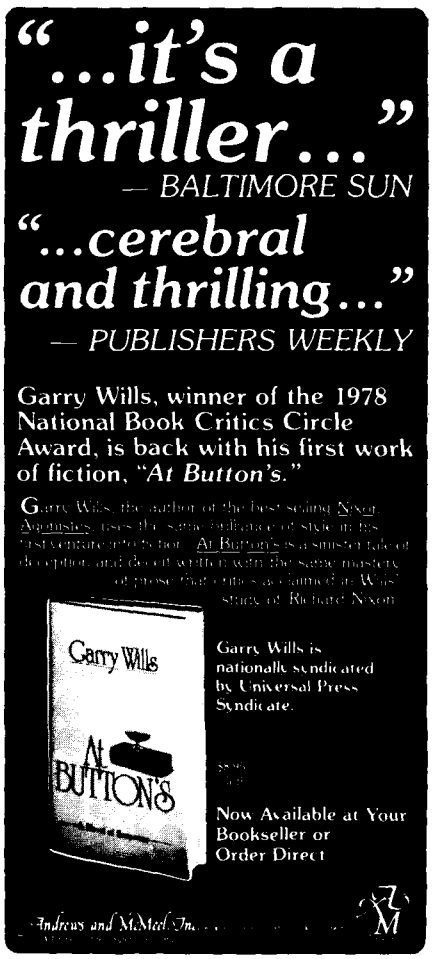
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Personal

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

DAVID KAHN:

The Code-Breakers

While SHESHACI and LEB KAMAI . . . are transformations, they lack the element of secrecy. Another cryptogram in the Bible is imperfect for the opposite reason. It was shrouded in secrecy, but it apparently involved no transformation! This is the message MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN

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SENSUOUS PEKING DUCK RECIPE from Hong Kong chef. Send $2.00 to: Lung, NR Box 3165.

SANFORD

(Continued from page 416)

The soft targets are the missionaries and, of course, us farmers. Every week farmers and missionaries are killed. Unless we get international backing in the transitional period, there will be a lot of bloodshed when the new government takes over. The Marxists will endeavor to oust the new government by force—and they might well succeed.

There are only 38 white farmers left in the Mtoko district. There used to be ninety. We are extremely vulnerable here, being near the eastern border. Any invasion by Cuban-backed terrorists will come through us, as we are the closest border town to Salisbury. It is easy country to cross—we would be the first people to be wiped out.

We realize there's no longer any future for us farming in Mtoko, and we have decided to sell all the cattle, as they are only a liability to us now. It is such a shame, as I have bred them up to 100 per cent Hereford.

We also realize there's little future for us in Rhodesia. The problem is where to go. Even though we'll have money in the bank from selling the cattle, we are only allowed to leave Rhodesia with $1,000 cash, or goods to the same amount. That won't get us far. □

BRIEFS

(Continued from page 434)

not begging. Then the fire engines came by—shrill too; with their helmets pale yellow in the moonlight. Sometimes every thing gets into the same mood; how to define this one I don't know—It was gay, & yet terrible & fearfully vivid. . . ." Volume II of the diaries covers 1920-1924, with four more volumes to come. Mrs. Bell deserves credit for being a thorough, informative but unmeddling, editor.

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

DRESS GRAY, *by Lucian K. Truscott IV (Doubleday, 489 pp., $10.95).* Left-wing Crazyworld isn't the boomtown it was a decade ago, but there's still money to be made down there, even for the late-coming scavengers. Former 2nd Lieutenant Lucian K. Truscott IV could kick himself for having missed the Sixties. In fact he did kick himself—right out of the Army, from which he was permitted to resign in lieu of court-martial barely a year after his graduation from West Point. Since then this son of a colonel and grandson of an illustrious general has been trying to revive the thumb-sucking inanity of late-Sixties liberalism for the *Village Voice*, and he got some sort of fellowship to track down and interview his classmates and record his impressions of those twisted souls now ten years removed from the Long Gray Line. That exercise was, I believe, the genesis of this book. It purports to expose the military academy's "soft underbelly" and prove that its purpose is to teach "a way of death." What it really is, is a fairly well plotted detective story about three hundred pages longer than it needs to be. Its denouement falls apart in the hands of this ungraceful amateur whose narration reads as if it were written with a potato masher and whose dialogue is so wooden it ought to be sprayed for termites. The protagonist is believable, as are his classmates and girlfriend. But everyone else is a caricature, especially those senior officers the author has come to despise with a ferocity bordering on the pathological; they all seem to have leapt out of the pages of *Sergeant Rock Comics* in order to take their turn in the service of Truscott's obsession and then fade away. There is an occasional sensitive glimpse of the hard realities of a decade ago that made me remember, with uncomfortable freshness, the terrible wonder of being 21, out of college, in love, and going off to war.

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

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Eureka!

On The Right

New York, March 2—The humiliation of Governor Jerry Brown by Governor Richard Snelling was well-earned in purely theatrical terms. Governor Snelling presides over one of the most profligate states in the Union, whose tax policies, when compared to those of its identical twin, New Hampshire—which they are always being compared with—leaves abundant room for embarrassment. A recent study established that although Vermont's taxes are higher than New Hampshire's at every level, services are if anything inferior. Governor Snelling has been trying to do something about it for years and was not therefore in a mood to be instructed in the uses of husbandry by the new boy from California, who as recently as last June was berating the economizers, right up until the voters led him by the nose toward Damascus, where he was finally transfigured.

Governor Brown has, however, developed a commendable zeal for actually doing something, and this contrasts with the reluctance of the Governors' Conference to come up with a concrete recommendation. And this of course brings us to the question haunting so many theorists—including conservatives: What about the national constitutional convention for which many people clamor, and toward which we are headed if an additional seven states summon one into being?

The Constitution of the United States was not written by populists and plebiscitarians. It did acknowledge, however, a hypothetical bottleneck in the nation's capital which could only be uncorked by the people, acting through their state legislators. The game of chicken currently being played is one in which the people in Washington, for the most part reluctant to allow provincial architects to put their hands on the Constitution, are hoping that the movement will eventually run out of gas, like Poujadism in France a generation ago. Others in Washington, and theirs is the wiser of the two schools, are thinking in terms of pre-emptive action. So this morning I salute Senator John Heinz of Pennsylvania, who has declared that he will endorse the Friedman (Milton) proposal, a work of great economic and political art which has the one disadvantage of being a little complicated. But in an age when most Americans are expected to decipher Internal Revenue forms, we should not be discouraged. Here it is, as plainly as it can be put:

The proposed constitutional amendment says, basically, that the Federal Government cannot increase its aggregate expenditures at a rate higher than that at which the people increase their productivity.

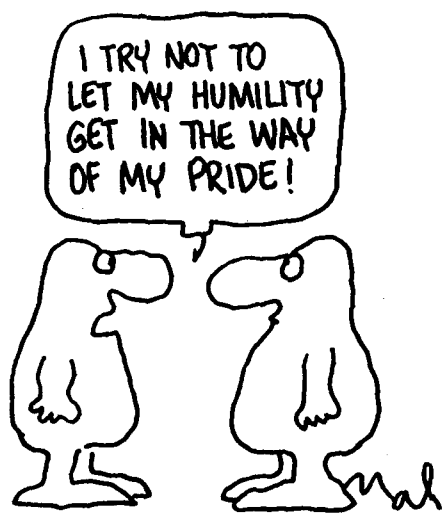
THAT MUCH is simple, but here are the qualifiers:

1. In any year in which the rate of inflation exceeds 3 per cent, the government's permitted increase in expenditures is reduced. By how much? By one-quarter of the excess over 3 per cent. Let us take a hypothetical year. The inflation rate was 7 per cent. The productivity increase was 3 per cent. Normally, the government would be permitted to increase its expenses by 3 per cent. But this way, only by 2 per cent.

2. Two-thirds of the Senate and the House and a majority of the states can vote to override the constitutional limitation in any particular year.

3. Three-quarters of the Senate and the House can alter the formula on a permanent basis—can, in effect, repeal the amendment.

4. Re loopholes: the Federal Government cannot mickey-mouse its way around the formula by simply reducing aid now being given to the individual states so as to be able to increase its own expenditures. The level of its aid to the states cannot, as a percentage of its expenses, come down for the next six years.



Let us now apply the formula retrospectively—to 1969-1978. Other things being equal, the federal cut would have dropped from 20.4 per cent to 17.9 per cent of the GNP. During that decade the government actually suffered a cumulative deficit of $271 billion. Instead, it would have generated a surplus of $22.2 billion, available to be applied against the national debt.

The Friedman-Heinz amendment incorporates the disparate virtues of prudence, hard-headedness, and flexibility, which is no doubt why it will face great opposition. □

TOMORROW IS HERE

New York, March 5—A discussion of SALT II—and that subject will be the analytical ordeal of the season—requires us to pause to consider questions, answers to which we have tended to think of as axiomatic, but which take on new meaning under stress. An analogy would be the local bridge we have routinely traversed since we were children. But just the other day it was observed to have creaked when a truck went over it. Prudently we call in an engineer, who begins to examine its foundations. Looking now at the foundations of our defense situation we find, in the judgment of this engineer, that the Soviet Union effectively dominates international foreign policy, directly as as result of its overwhelming military power and its disposition to use it.

In a recent issue of *Fortune* magazine, Mr. Fred Charles Iklé, who was our SALT negotiator until the election of Mr. Carter, made an observation similar to what one might make in suddenly asking whether the local bridge was in fact safe. He recalled that on three occasions in the past we have caused instant sobriety in the Kremlin

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merely by swinging into a nuclear alert. The first time was during the Berlin blockade in 1948, the second during the Cuban missile crisis in 1962, the third during the Yom Kippur War in 1973. It has simply never occurred to the average American that the next nuclear alert could very well be the USSR's. What would we do? What would our European allies do? The highly probable answer is that we would stop using that bridge.

Now we have traveled very gradually the journey toward this new state of being. Mr. Iklé cites, for instance, the casualness with which Soviet aircraft over-fly the skies of other nations without even bothering to secure their permission. Turkey, for instance: which once upon a time proudly insisted on its aerial sovereignty. By contrast the United States was specifically denied equivalent privileges, during the 1973 war, by Spain—a friendly country.

Let us suppose that the Left contrives, in the months to come, a coup in Iran. Let us suppose that anti-leftist forces, resisting Soviet satellization, then asked the United States for massive intervention. That it would be in the geopolitical interest of the West to provide such assistance is quite simply indisputable. But suppose that the Soviet Union declared, say in the United Nations, that no country should interfere in Iran, and suppose that that statement were followed by the Soviets' calling a nuclear alert. How would we respond? How would our allies in Europe urge us to respond? Precisely what would we do?

Last week there was talk in Washington about a possible U.S. "military presence" in the Persian Gulf, most likely in Saudi Arabia. There are good arguments for such a presence, but those arguments do not tranquilize the nagging question, which is: Aren't we at the point where we dare not cross our comfortable old bridge? The Soviet Union has increased spending on its military 4 to 5 per cent per year during the past 15 years. An average of 20 to 40 per cent more than the United States, in equivalent dollars, this year. But the real difference, as Mr. Iklé stresses, goes far beyond what such figures suggest. Because the cost to the United States of manpower is far greater than the cost to the Soviet Union, with the result that it is safer to say that the Soviet Union has been spending 75 per cent more on weapons, weapons development, and research. Money wages paid last year to our armed services are of no use to us this year. Money paid last year for research and development of weapons gives us this year an arsenal which will be useful until anachronized.

Bridges cannot be repaired overnight. And this is what we need to stress, particularly in a season during which the Commander-in-Chief has obstinately combined international geopolitical insouciance in Iran, Yemen, Ethiopia, Somalia, Afghanistan, Angola, Indochina with a kind of Zero Population Growth attitude toward new military technology—no B-1, no neutron bomb, no cruise missile extension, no MX missile. They talk about our powerlessness in the early 1980s, when the Soviet Union will have targeted all our land-based missiles. It is right now, for psychological reasons, something on the order of the early 1980s. The Russians are ahead of schedule, and we have no schedule. □

FIGURE IT OUT

New York, Feb. 28—The past fortnight has been as hectic as any in memory in the matter of the adjustment of one's diplomatic perspectives. The *New York Times*, with commendable editorial initiative, asked stellar figures left over from the Vietnam era for comments. Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s was at once the most perplexing and the most belligerent. What he wrote was, "All those authorities who told us ten years ago that the Vietnamese were the spearhead of the Chinese effort to take over Southeast Asia are obviously exposed as defective oracles. And I wish all people who said that would keep quiet about foreign policy in the future."

A few observations:

1. Concerning the proposition that defective oracles should keep quiet in the future, does that mean that the historian Schlesinger who predicted the victory of George McGovern in 1972 should make no future predictions? A reasonable proposal, as one meditates on it.

2. How are the analyses of ten years ago affected by the passage of time? In 1967 Mr. Schlesinger wrote: "Obviously the Vietcong and Hanoi will not negotiate so long as they think they are going to win. Since a military stalemate is the self-evident and indispensable precondition to negotiation, the continued presence of American troops is plainly necessary." What Mr. Schlesinger thought was plainly necessary in 1967, he was denouncing in 1969. Did he mature during those two years? Or did the objective situation change?

3. In 1967 Mr. Schlesinger opposed unilateral U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam on the grounds of "the effect it would have in neighboring countries, especially on the gallant struggle of the Laotian neutralists under Prince Souvanna Phouma to maintain their independence." He added, "I find something distasteful about those sitting in ease in Europe and America who would righteously hand over a country to a tough Communist crew, on the ground, evidently, that though they wouldn't like Communism for themselves, it will be just great for the Vietnamese." Ah so. There are those who find something distasteful about the United States now objecting to the Vietnamese overthrow of the most barbarous dictator in recorded history, Pol Pot, even though that overthrow has been effected by a nation itself barbarous. And while we are at it, I wonder why Mr. Schlesinger's name does not appear on the letterhead of a Committee of Ungallant Americans to Aid Gallant Laotians.

4. Even people who are not professional historians recognize that situations do change. Teng Hsiao-ping, for instance, has come a long way. On May 24, 1960, in the *Peking Review*, he is quoted: "U.S. imperialism is the Number One enemy of world peace. . . . At present, the U.S. imperialists and their policies are using every means to cover up their all too evident crimes. . . . Long live the great unity of the socialist camp headed by the Soviet Union." Anybody who uttered those words in the presence of Teng these days would be executed—or perhaps exported, to study under Professor Schlesinger, who might explain to him that yesterday's objectives are not always the same as today's.

5. It is, to the say the least, somehow unconvincing to point to the Chinese invasion of Vietnam as evidence that Chinese domination of Indochina was never contemplated. It is one thing to say that the Chinese might have left Vietnam alone if Vietnam had not toppled the Pol Pot regime in Cambodia through the use of Soviet arms. But if you say that, you are saying that Vietnam is not in fact free to align itself with that power—the Soviet Union—which not so long ago China hailed as the matrix of socialist unity, for which word the Chinese would now substitute "hegemony." Hegemony is all right only when exercised by China over Taiwan. And over Vietnam? The point of it all is that we are dealing with ruthless and ambitious men who care nothing for the human misery they sow, who have manipulated the West since Munich, the United States since Yalta, and continue to do so leaving us in that state of hectic confusion we have so richly deserved. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Transposed — 22 128 144 147 159 75 100 108 181 214 / 18 30

B. The story of Siegfried — 122 12 49 74 93 140 172 206 215 61 / 157 178 198 225

C. U. S. historian and diplomat (1869-1940) — 89 62 177 19

D. A coat that might be worn in Northern Ireland — 136 1 24 29 31 107 114 132 154 168

E. Places for certain winter sports — 160 36 218 211 56 195 78 53

F. Cutting both ways — 182 54 76 112 208 106 125 146

G. What envelopes must be when people move — 199 23 46 95 104 117 129 145 167 174 / 189

H. Itinerant burglars — 64 183 126 8 200

I. Attendants at conventions who can't afford cab fare? — 3 15 57 87 92 205 70 82 97 59 / 9 27 43 25 37 45

J. Uncomfortably self-conscious — 133 47 135 155 175 184 196 216 219 28 / 38

K. A mounted courier — 152 103 68 139 91 127 116 191 185

L. A Union general (1836-1881) — 173 66 113 163 204 220 16 156 83 197

M. Rat-poison — 203 34 73 85 40 44 52 99 118 134 / 138 166

N. A stream in South Carolina — 224 11 60 88 96 149 210 120 193 207 / 6

O. Long discourses — 13 35 86 94 5 58 67

P. Cattle in England, hogs in America — 42 194 142 110 148 79 21 169 69

Q. Groups again — 102 165 32 209 150 77 186

R. Embellished — 111 162 115 55 33 131 10 188 213

S. START MOTEL — 84 50 223 72 81 130 151 158 176 187

T. Urban district, Delaware County, Pa. — 212 20 65 90 137 153 171 222 14 4

U. Slang for certain male facial adornment — 51 180 201 48 170 192 2 17 109 123

V. The edible root of the taro — 71 161 217 39

W. Evaluated a second time — 164 101 143 179 190 202 7 26 105 124

X. Sic! a backward feline and a forward one — 80 41 121 119 141 98 63 221

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 436 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 D	2 U	3 I	4 T	5 O	6 N	7 W		8 H	9 I	10 R		11 N	12 B	13 O	14 T	15 I	16 L
17 U	18 A	19 C		20 T	21 P	22 A	23 G	24 D	25 I	26 W		27 I	28 J	29 D		30 A	31 D	32 Q	33 R
34 M	35 O	36 E	37 I	38 J		39 V	40 M		41 X	42 P	43 I	44 M		45 I	46 G	47 J	48 U		49 B
50 S	51 U	52 M	53 E		54 F	55 R	56 E	57 I	58 O		59 I	60 N	61 B	62 C	63 X	64 H	65 T	66 L	67 O
68 K	69 P		70 I	71 V	72 S		73 M	74 B	75 A	76 F	77 Q	78 E	79 P	80 X	81 S	82 I		83 L	84 S
85 M	86 O	87 I	88 N		89 C	90 T	91 K	92 I	93 B	94 O	95 G		96 N	97 I	98 X	99 M	100A	101W	102Q
103K		104G	105W	106F	107D	108A	109U	110P	111R		112F	113L	114D	115R	116K	117G	118M	119X	120N
121X	122B	123U		124W	125F	126H	127K	128A	129G	130S	131R	132D	133J	134M		135J	136D	137T	138M
139K	140B	141X	142P	143W	144A	145G		146F	147A	148P	149N	150Q	151S	152K	153T		154D	155J	156L
157B	158S	159A	160E		161V	162R	163L	164W	165Q	166M	167G	168D	169P		170U	171T	172B	173L	174G
175J	176S		177C	178B	179W	180U	181A	182F	183H	184J	185K	186Q	187S	188R	189G		190W	191K	192U
193N	194P	195E	196J	197L	198B	199G	200H		201U	202W	203M	204L	205I	206B	207N	208F		209Q	210N
	211E	212T	213R	214A	215B	216J		217V	218E	219J	220L	221X	222T	223S	224N	225B			

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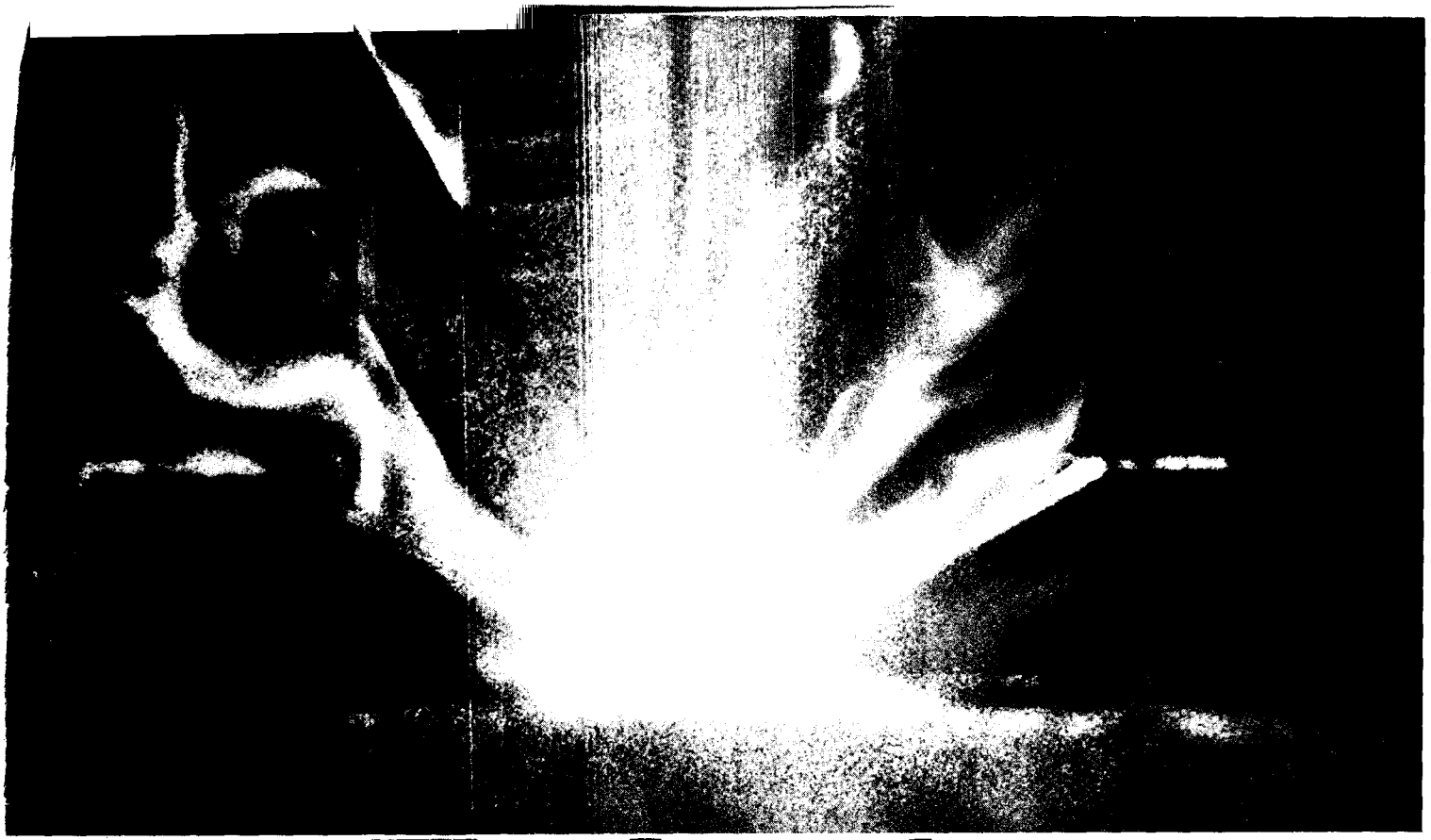

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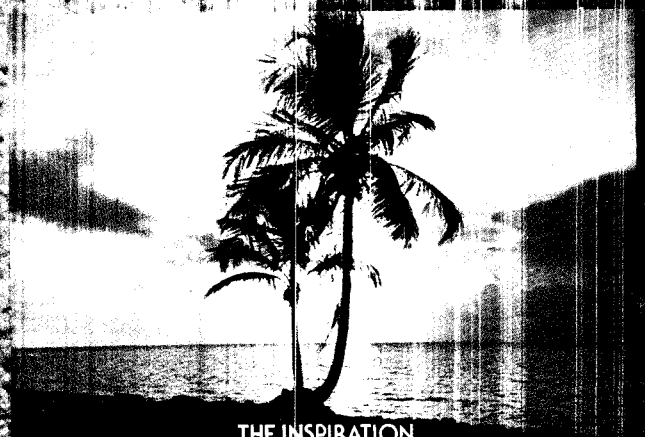

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